The Outlook

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For some of the best opinions of The Outlook the Publisher is indebted to advertisers who are receiving The Outlook in their homes and are studying it as a medium through which to sell their goods. On the Publisher's Desk is the following letter from the head of a company whose advertisements are familiar to every one who reads The Outlook: "The only magazine that I am willing should go to the house instead of this Company's office is The Outlook, as my wife reads it systematically from cover to cover." And another letter from an advertising agent: "The reason The Outlook has my hearty indorsement as an advertising medium is that of all the magazines that come to my home it is the first to be picked out by my wife."

The new subscription method which was outlined in the Publisher's Desk last week, and which involves the dropping of a subscriber's name when the term expires for which he has paid, will have its supreme test this month, when fully one-third of all the subscriptions on our list terminate. It is with great satisfaction that we note the daily evidence that our subscribers are pleased with the change. During the three days preceding this writing, for instance—notwithstanding the business depression—our subscription receipts have exceeded those of the same three days last year by about thirty-four per cent, and the new subscriptions have also been greater than last year by at least twenty per cent. The criticisms of the new policy are so few in number since the first of the month that approval may almost be called unanimous as far as any expression comes to us. It will be difficult to handle the matter promptly in the first two weeks of the new year, and we therefore urge those who wish to continue The Outlook without a break to send either their renewals or postal card requests to continue *before* the last day of December.

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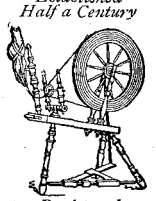

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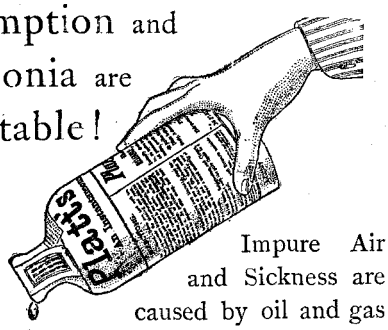

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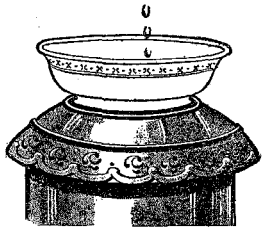

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The Outlook

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 21, 1907

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The Third Term Bogie

Friday morning's papers of last week contained a statement given out for publication at the White House, in which the President quotes the announcement made by him on the night after his election, which contained this pledge: "The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination." The only additional matter in this new statement of the President is the following sentence: "I have not changed and shall not change the decision thus announced." The sanguine will hope that this republication will put an end to the third-term talk in which certain newspapers have been indulging, apparently for no other reason than that they had nothing else of interest to their readers to talk about. We have never referred to this third-term gossip because we have never regarded it seriously. The Outlook does not agree with Mr. Roosevelt that the custom which limits the President to two terms is a wise one; it does not believe in rotation in office; it sees no reason why the people should not continue to re-elect to office any man whose service satisfies them as long as they are satisfied with that service—no adequate reason why a President might not serve his country as long as William Pitt served Great Britain or Bismarck served Germany as Prime Minister. It does not believe that there is any danger that a President would be able to re-elect himself to office if the people did not wish his re-election. This opinion, which this journal expressed when the question of a third term was raised by the proposal to re-elect General Grant for a third term, we have seen no reason since to think erroneous. But while we do not regard the hostility to a third term as wise, we have no doubt that it is popular; we also have no doubt that the President was bound in honor by his post-election pledge, and we have never entertained a doubt that he intended to adhere to it.

❀

A Lawless Legislature

That the railway issue in Alabama has raised fundamental questions of law and order is plain upon the face of the facts. It has aroused passion, has convulsed the Legislature, and has set the State Government at odds with officers of a Federal court. Like several other States, Alabama established by law rates for passenger and freight traffic on the railways; and it imposed severe penalties of fine and imprisonment upon railways, or railway agents, officers and employees, for failure to observe these rates. Inasmuch, however, as the railways were doing inter-State as well as local business, were corporate creatures of some other State, and were owned and operated largely by citizens of other States; since, moreover, they contended that the laws contravened provisions of the Federal Constitution impairing the obligation of contracts and deprivation of property without due process of law, they had the right under the Federal Constitution to have any suit on this subject tried in a Federal court. In order to keep the decision in the hands of the State, the Legislature of Alabama passed a bill requiring every foreign corporation (that is, every corporation incorporated by some other State) to take out a license in the State before it could do business in the State, and providing, further, that if such a corporation petitioned to have any suit removed to a Federal court, its license, *ipso facto*, would be canceled. On behalf of twelve railway companies, the Federal Circuit Court at Montgomery

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issued a restraining order on the 30th of last March, and on the 8th of May enjoined the State Railroad Commission and Attorney-General from enforcing the laws as to rates and licenses. The legal representatives of the State did not introduce any evidence contravening the case of the complaining railways. The railways were placed under bond to refund all above the statutory rate if the case should go against them. In July the Circuit Court filed an opinion on the case. In it Judge Jones declared that, as shown by evidence uncontradicted, the enforcement of the statutes violated both the State and the Federal Constitution by depriving the railways of property without due process. Although the injunction was not resisted, the Governor, several months thereafter, declared that he would call out the militia to enforce the rate law. The railways faced a dilemma. On the one hand, they might cease to do any passenger or freight business within the State. In that case, apart from the fact that the people of the State would suffer great hardship, the railways, in order to enforce statutes which had been judicially declared invalid, would incur liabilities for refusing to do the work of common carriers. On the other hand, the railways might defend themselves against a great number of prosecutions, suffer interference with their inter-State business, and indeed involve the State in turmoil. As the Court pointed out, it would be physically impossible for a railway to furnish sufficient agents and sets of books to try the cases at the same time in different places. Unwilling to accept either of these alternatives, the Southern Railway and some of its allied lines made a treaty of peace with the Governor. The Court, of course, had no choice but to allow the railway—even unwillingly—to abandon its rights. Judge Jones, however, took this occasion to protest against the spirit of lawlessness that had compelled the withdrawal of the injunction, had fanned the passions of the people against the courts which were the bulwark of their lives and property, and had even threatened to turn the guns of the militia against the officers of the Court in the performance of their sworn duty.

The Present Situation

Not having driven all the railways out of court, the Governor summoned an extra session of the Legislature. He declared that the issue was whether the railways or the Legislature should govern the State, and that the Federal Constitution had nothing to do with the matter. He made it a matter of "State sovereignty." The Legislature then undertook a new method for keeping the contests out of Federal courts. Repealing all provisions for enforcing the rate laws, the Legislature by statute authorized private citizens to sue in the name of the State. It established enormous penalties; it made each exaction or charge a separate offense and each employee a defendant; and it went so far as to make it a misdemeanor for any railway to have gates at passenger stations, even though put there as a protection to passengers, unless it charged only the statutory rates. The object of all this legislation was, in part, to harass the railways, but chiefly to make it impossible for the railways to obtain injunctions against State officers. Since no one specially was charged with the enforcement of the statute, the theory was that the railways could find no one to sue, and therefore, deterred by fear of the enormous penalties which might be exacted by any citizen without warning, would put the statutory rates into effect, even at cost of irreparable injury. Nevertheless, four railway companies secured a restraining order against certain shippers who had threatened to sue, others who had threatened to cause indictments, solicitors who would procure indictments, sheriffs, and, in fine, against every one, to prevent any attempt to enforce the statutes pending the final decree. By agreement the hearing was set over till the 6th of next month. In spite of what Governor Comer and others have said, this is not primarily an issue as to whether the State or the railways are the governing power. It is an issue as to whether a State can succeed in usurping functions which the Federal Constitution expressly places within the sphere of the United States Government. In the end an attempt of this sort is bound to be an inglorious failure. It

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may temporarily succeed in forcing concessions from railways on particular questions; it may succeed in complicating matters and creating disturbance. Ultimately, however, it can issue only in the assertion of the Federal power in a matter that concerns the whole Nation. This ebullition serves to enforce the lesson that the regulation of the railways and of all corporations doing an inter-State business is a duty that must be assumed fully by the Federal Government. It is a lesson, however, that some railway managers are now learning only after costly experience with several States.

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Chicago's Sunday Closing Crusade

After more than thirty years of the wide-open policy, a serious attempt is now being made to close the saloons of Chicago on Sunday. The last attempt at Sunday closing was in 1872, and was attended with such disastrous political consequences that the question has not been revived in a serious manner until very recently. Following the great fire of 1871, Joseph Medill, founder of the Chicago Tribune, was elected Mayor. He closed the saloons on Sunday, and they remained closed during his administration. The next Mayor, however, was elected on the wide-open issue by a large majority, and, as is often the case under such circumstances, the reaction was against good government generally as well as against the saloon restriction policy. Since that time the saloons of Chicago have remained open on Sunday with as much freedom as the drug-stores. There has been no pretense of enforcement of the State law calling for Sunday closing. All have remained open on equal terms, without suspicion of special "pull" or blackmail, as is so often the case where laws are not enforced. All candidates for Mayor, except the prohibition nominees, have announced that they would not enforce the law requiring Sunday closing of saloons. Even the so-called reform candidates have followed the same practice, and the principal newspapers have acquiesced in the policy. Peculiarly enough, the present closing movement seems to have been stimulated largely by the efforts of the believers in Sunday saloons to secure the legalization of the custom. That alone, however, might not have been sufficient but for the consciousness on the part of the opposition that there is a growing sentiment everywhere for more restrictions on the liquor business. Chicago has a large population of foreign parentage which regards restrictions upon liquor-drinking as interference with personal liberty. This element, however, or at least a large portion of it, is not lawless in its instincts. It chafed at the taunts of the prohibitionists that it was a law-defying element. Consequently, when the Chicago Charter Convention was framing a draft of a charter for the city of Chicago, the keynote of which was municipal home rule, the United Societies, representing largely citizens of foreign descent, asked that the charter provide for home rule on the Sunday question. The Charter Convention approved a bill vesting in the City Council the power to say whether or not saloons should be open or closed in Chicago on Sunday. The Legislature, however, refused to pass this particular bill. Consequently the United Societies, as a means of showing their power, fought the approval of the charter by the electorate on a referendum vote. The charter was defeated by a large majority, and the United Societies were undoubtedly an important factor in procuring that result. The demonstration of power, however, offended elements favorable to the new charter.

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Home Rule and Sunday Saloons

As a result of the prominence given the subject, Arthur Burrage Farwell and his associates of the Law and Order League seemingly found more powerful support than heretofore for their latest effort to bring about Sunday closing. The Mayor, Mr. Busse, still refuses to be a party to the movement for Sunday closing, although he was one of those who resented the activity of the United Societies in opposition to the new charter. But the Sunday closers are counting upon the support of the State's Attorney, John J. Healy. Evidence has been gathered and arrests

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have been made. Meanwhile the saloons continue to remain open and the saloon-keepers are presenting united opposition to the enforcement of the law. They say the act in question is obsolete in Chicago. In some parts of Illinois outside of Chicago it is enforced and in some not. The arrested saloon-keepers will demand jury trials in each case, and they insist that juries will not convict. It is also contended that if Mr. Healy joins in the vigorous prosecution of these cases, Cook County will have another State's Attorney after the election of next November. The opponents of the Sunday saloon say they demand only the observance of law. Many citizens of Chicago, regardless of their views on the Sunday saloon, approve the fundamental proposition of the United Societies—that Chicago should be given home rule on this question. If it be true that local sentiment in Chicago is against Sunday closing, they say, the Sunday question is bound to be a disturbing factor in politics so long as the State law remains on the books unmodified. If Chicago were given home rule, it would then be expected to enforce whatever regulations might be imposed. Many persons think that more restrictions would be possible under the operation of the home rule principle than will follow the attempt to enforce a State law at variance with local public sentiment. All agree that the present situation, under which city officials deliberately fail to enforce the law, is demoralizing.

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Sunday in the City

In a city of cosmopolitan population like New York the question of public entertainments is most perplexing. Judge O'Gorman's decision, reported in The Outlook last week, has made it a lively issue. The Board of Aldermen has engaged in debate and held a hearing. So vigorous has the discussion become that it has in one instance resulted in fisticuffs. It may be taken for granted that only a small minority of the population want vicious and degrading exhibitions, and only a small minority want to make of Sunday what is called in the popular jargon a Puritan Sabbath, which is supposed to mean a day of dullness and depression. Yet it seems to be very difficult to frame a law which shall not be practically a complete triumph for one or the other of these two small minorities. If public entertainments such as concerts are allowed, it is very difficult to define them so as to exclude the most indecent of the vaudeville and music hall performances. There is the same reason for making special provision to exclude such performances on Sunday that there is for closing saloons on election day. A public holiday calls for special measures of defense against vice, disorder, and degrading influences. On the other hand, it is very difficult to define such performances so as not to include such vocal and instrumental concerts as are given by the great orchestras. And, as Mr. Walter Damrosch has said, the performers in such concerts do not need the protection that actors need, because the sort of concerts they give on Sunday are actually a source of recreation to them as well as to their hearers. The only alternative, if public performances under private management are to be allowed, seems to be the establishment of a censorship of some kind. This seems to be involved in the proposal of the Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations, which suggests "a Sunday Public Concert Commission, which shall permit or provide for the people, with a small admission fee to cover expenses only, such Sunday concerts as are free from immorality and financial gain, and as can be produced without impairing the rights of musicians or other employees to a weekly day of rest." Censorship of public performances under private management is open to several objections, chief of which is that it presents a rich opportunity for graft and blackmail. Whether such a Commission as the Federation suggests, which should operate under restrictions, confining all performances to those which produce no profit, would be free from these dangers might well be debated. If, however, the Commission were to have no right to "permit" private performances, but were

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allowed only to "provide for the people" such concerts as a municipal undertaking, it would escape the perils that surround censorship. It would, moreover, only be extending the function which the city now exercises by its great system of popular lectures and classes. Objections to such a Commission should be carefully considered, but the proposal ought not to be dismissed without a full discussion of its merits.

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The Effect of Light in New York

For the first time, we believe, in the history of New York City, an executive officer of the city has been removed by the Governor of the State. Mr. John F. Ahearn, President of the Borough of Manhattan, was last week removed from office by Governor Hughes. The Borough Presidency is a position of great importance. The man who holds that position is in many respects a Mayor. Besides having a vote—in Mr. Ahearn's case two votes—in the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, which holds the purse-strings of the whole city, he has final authority and responsibility with regard to many matters within that division of the city which constitutes his domain. One of his duties is paving and repairing the streets and supervising the construction of most buildings. To this office Mr. Ahearn was elected by the voters of Manhattan in 1903, and re-elected for a term of four years in 1905. Two years ago next month a new enterprise was started in New York City. It was under the auspices of the Citizens' Union (a municipal party organization) and was called the Bureau of City Betterment. Its name has since been changed to the Bureau of Municipal Research. The people of New York had no way of learning how their money was being spent or of getting any adequate information as to what the departments of the city government were doing. The Bureau undertook to get information and make it public. In November of last year it published a pamphlet giving, as a result of investigation, an account of the inefficiency and wastefulness in the office of the President of the Borough of Manhattan. As a consequence President Ahearn asked the Mayor for a "thorough investigation" of his office by the Commissioners of Accounts. A searching official examination of Mr. Ahearn and his subordinates followed. It was conducted, with the co-operation of the Director of the Bureau, Mr. Henry Bruère, by Mr. John Purroy Mitchel, first as Assistant Corporation Counsel and then as Commissioner of Accounts. In the course of the investigation at least three high subordinates of the Borough President left office at the instance of their chief. The sworn testimony and documents revealed neglect and corruption. The report was transmitted to the Governor, and the City Club of New York preferred charges against President Ahearn. After hearings at which Mr. Ahearn testified in his own behalf, and was moreover represented by counsel, Governor Hughes issued the order for his removal. In issuing the order Governor Hughes took pains to make it clear that the failure of public duty which had been proved against Mr. Ahearn did not involve personal dishonesty. The reason for the effectiveness of the work done by the Bureau of Municipal Research can be found stated in its name. So many reform movements have flashed in the pan simply because they had not the right ammunition that it is refreshing to find one that is supplied, or rather makes it its chief business to supply itself and the voters, with facts. There is, after all, nothing that will dissipate darkness except light, though Americans have been a long time learning the political significance of that truism. However, as the Bureau itself points out, the results in the Ahearn case show how the effect of the "recall," as adopted by Des Moines for instance, can be secured without any additional municipal machinery. In place of a petition signed by a quarter of the voters, which may be drawn up in ignorance and pressed by prejudice, there is a constant working organization which makes the removal of an officer possible, but possible only when good reason has been shown. The Bureau of Municipal Research has amply justified its existence.

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The Effect of Light in Boston

Boston's city election on December 10, resulting in the defeat of Mayor John F. Fitzgerald by Postmaster George A. Hibbard by a plurality of 2,166, has two distinct aspects—financial and moral. Financially the condition of the city had become scandalous. Mismanagement had become so notorious all through the departments that the cost of the administration per capita, with the interest on the debt, was in excess of any other city with which it could be compared. New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and San Francisco in this country, and the principal cities abroad, failed to show even an approximation to the extravagant rate charged per head to the people of Boston for its local government. Governor Guild publicly called attention to the fact that about half of the voters of Boston pay no tax whatever, not even a poll tax, and it makes no difference with them whether the taxes are heavy or light. Under the act of the last Legislature, a Finance Commission, appointed by the Governor, of which ex-Mayor Nathan Matthews, Democrat, is Chairman, has been investigating the methods of the administration, and has uncovered so many suspicious transactions as to arouse sentiment strongly against the Fitzgerald administration. Hundreds of tons of coal which had only mythical existence were shown to have been charged to the city; and there were constant violations of law in the awarding of contracts. There has been a padding of the pay rolls at the City Hall. Current accounts which have the appearance of truth, but have not been officially investigated, tell of the education of students at Harvard who are carried upon the City Hall pay-rolls while attending college, who never render a cent's equivalent for their salaries. The Commission declares that there has been a juggling with the city debt statement, so that the real debt is many millions more than the official figuring reveals. On the financial side, therefore, the taxpayers have been stirred to revolt. The moral side is sufficiently indicated by the above statement of its financial aspects. Postmaster Hibbard has the prestige of an honest, efficient, and accommodating administration of office, and is personally popu his subordinates. The nomina straight Republican instead of reform Democrat was a political r the Republicans owe their nomi tisan success to the candidacy Independence League ticket of Coulthurst, who polled nearly votes, or about 5,000 less than t the League candidate for Go polled in November. Coulthurst sonally a man of high character, good legislative record, and many crats who could not bring them to vote for a Republican vote him. So Hibbard won. Good g ment and public spirit won a v also in the election of two School Committee candidates, supported by Republicans and non-partisan organizations, against the straight Democratic candidates.

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The Goldfield Situation

A serious situation has arisen in Goldfield, Nevada, between the miners who are members of the Western Federation of Miners and their employers. Federal troops are now on the scene, having been sent there on the urgent request of Governor Sparks. President Roosevelt has sent Mr. Lawrence O. Murray, Assistant Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, Charles P. Neill, Commissioner of Labor, and Herbert Knox Smith, Commissioner of Corporations, to the seat of the trouble to make an investigation of the causes leading up to the conflict. The President also has issued orders to Colonel Reynolds, in command of the Federal troops, to take no side in the strike, and to use the soldiers only in maintaining law and order. While the ostensible cause of the strike was the refusal of the miners to accept cashiers' checks in payment for their labor, there are, The Outlook is told by a usually well-informed correspondent, other and more important issues underlying the dispute. The miners, in defense of their position, issued a statement that they did not refuse the checks merely because they were checks, but because some of the mine-owners refused to guarantee that

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the medium of exchange offered would be accepted at its face value. In cases where such a guarantee was given the men returned to work. As the mine-owners are now paying in gold the non-union men who have been hired to replace the strikers, it is asserted that the mine-owners took advantage of the strike growing out of the currency situation to carry out plans to get rid of members of a labor organization to which they objected, which they have been contemplating for months. Goldfield has been a thoroughly organized mining camp. Many of the miners who were deported from Cripple Creek and Telluride in the Colorado troubles of 1903 and 1904 sought refuge in Nevada. Some of the more violent agitators, one of whom is said to have led an armed attack of union miners on the Smuggler-Union mine in Telluride in 1902, in which two men were killed, found Goldfield a good field for their activities. The union miners controlled not only the industrial situation but the political situation as well. The county officers were either members of the Western Federation of Miners or strong sympathizers elected to office by the votes of union men. Business men in the town were forced, it is said, to take the side of the union whether their sympathies naturally turned in that direction or otherwise. Last spring the mine-owners organized and determined to drive from the district the members of the Industrial Workers of the World, a Socialistic federation with which the Western Federation of Miners was at the time affiliated. They were not successful at that time, but they did not lose sight of the object in view, and have since been carefully perfecting their plans to rid themselves of the domination of certain men whom they regarded as dangerous agitators. When Governor Sparks called for Federal troops, there had (our informant states) been no personal violence of any kind committed. The Governor's appeal alleges as cause "unlawful dynamiting of property, commission of felonies, threats against the lives and property of law-abiding citizens, the unlawful possession of arms and ammunition, and the confiscation of dynamite, with threats of the unlawful use of the same by preconcerted actions." The county officers had not intimated that they were unable to preserve the peace. At the time, however, no attempt had been made to resume operation of the mines with non-union men, so that there had been no excuse for violence. There is no National Guard in Nevada such as could be called out on a few hours' notice. The nearest Federal troops were stationed in California, eighteen hours distant from Goldfield. Warned by past experience, Governor Sparks believed it was a wise precaution to lock the stable door before the horse was stolen, and have troops on the ground before a resumption of mining with non-union men was attempted. For many months conditions in Goldfield have been similar to the conditions prevailing in Victor, Altman, and other mining camps in the Cripple Creek district of Colorado before the trouble of four years ago. The miners have had absolute power, and they have exercised it, perhaps at times injudiciously. The mine-owners in Goldfield have announced that they are not fighting organized labor and are ready to give employment to members of unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor and to such members of the Western Federation of Miners as are opposed to the violent methods of some of their leaders and who are willing to work. In the Colorado mining war the miners complained with truth that the officers of the State militia were mine-owners who were directly interested in disrupting the union. No such complaint can be made in the Goldfield situation, and the orders of President Roosevelt will insure a neutral position on the part of the troops. At the same time the presence of the troops will guarantee protection to men who are willing to work and obey the law.

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The Cruise of the Battle Fleet

The sailing of the battle-ship fleet from Hampton Roads for its voyage to the Pacific marks the beginning of the longest, the most difficult, and the most impressive cruise ever made by a fleet at all approaching it

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in size. The United States Navy contains, on paper, twenty-nine first-class battle-ships, of which eight are under construction; of the battle-ships in commission, two, the Oregon and the Wisconsin, are already in the Pacific, and three, the Indiana, the Iowa, and the Massachusetts, are in process of reconstruction and repair. It is interesting to note that these last three, veterans of the Spanish War, are already rendered almost out of date by the increase in the last ten years in size and power of the battle-ships built by this and foreign countries. Of the ships in the fleet only two took part in the war. The fleet under Admiral Evans, therefore, comprises almost the entire available fighting force of the United States in Atlantic waters; for the Russo-Japanese War gave convincing proof of the pre-eminent value of the battle-ship as the fighting unit, and the relative unimportance, except for their own specialized uses, of the other classes of naval vessels. Admiral Evans's fleet is divided into two squadrons and four divisions, each division consisting of vessels of the same general type; the first division comprises the Connecticut, Admiral Evans's flagship, the Kansas, the Vermont, and the Louisiana; the second includes the Georgia, the New Jersey, the Rhode Island, and the Virginia; the third includes the Minnesota, the Ohio, the Missouri, and the Maine; the fourth contains the Alabama, the Illinois, the Kearsarge, and the Kentucky. The battle-ships are accompanied by two supply-ships, a repair-ship, and a tender, and are preceded by a flotilla of six torpedo-boats and by a squadron of armored cruisers. Coal for the ships to the amount of 130,000 tons has already been sent to various points at which they will touch. The itinerary contemplates stops of from a week to ten days at Trinidad, Rio de Janeiro, Punta Arenas at the entrance to the dreaded Straits of Magellan, Callao, and Magdalena Bay in Lower California. The length of the voyage to the last point is nearly fourteen thousand miles, and it is expected to last about four months and a half. Magdalena Bay has just been leased to the United States as a coaling station, and here the fleet will spend a month in target practice and maneuvers. After the target practice the fleet will visit San Francisco; its further course has not yet been determined, or at least not yet made public. The size of the problem of merely providing food for the fifteen thousand men who man the vessels is indicated by the list of supplies which are carried by the battle-ships themselves and by the auxiliaries. It includes nearly a million and a quarter pounds of flour, a million pounds of beef, fresh and tinned, two hundred thousand pounds of salt pork, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of sausage, the same weight of butter, twice as much fruit, dried and preserved, one hundred thousand pounds of coffee, twenty-four thousand dozen eggs, nearly half a million pounds of tinned vegetables, sixty-five thousand pounds of soap, and twelve thousand pounds of tobacco.

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An Expert View of the Cruise

In an interesting article in the Scientific American, Captain A. T. Mahan, one of the greatest living authorities on questions of naval strategy and naval policy, discusses the conditions which make the Pacific cruise a wise and timely movement. After dismissing, with the calm logic of reason, the suggestion that the cruise is improper because it may give offense to Japan, Captain Mahan says:

> A perfectly sufficient reason is the experience to be gained by the fleet in making a long voyage, which otherwise might have to be made for the first time under the pressure of war, and the disadvantage of not having experienced at least once the huge administrative difficulties connected with so distant an expedition by a large body of vessels dependent upon their own resources. By "own resources" must be understood, not that which each vessel carries in herself, but self-dependence as distinguished from dependence on near navy-yards—the great snare of peace times. The renewal of stores and coal on the voyage is a big problem, whether the supply vessels accompany the fleet or are directed to join from point to point. It is a problem of combination, and of subsistence; a distinctly military problem. To grapple with such a question is as really practical as is fleet tactics or target practice. . . . The one reason, practice, is sufficient. It is not only adequate, but imperative. The experiment—for such it is until it has become experience—should have

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been made sooner rather than be now postponed. That it was not sooner attempted has been, probably, because the growth of the navy has only now reached the numbers, sufficiently homogeneous, to make the movement exhaustively instructive.

He goes on to say that the movement of the fleet from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast is "in the highest sense practical, because it is precisely the kind of movement which the fleet of any nation may, and usually will, be required to make in war." It is further practical because the United States has a Pacific as well as an Atlantic coast, and a navy not large enough to be divided between the two. Captain Mahan raises the question, also, whether for the near future the Pacific is not the greater center of world interest. To emphasize the importance to a naval officer of knowledge and experience outside and beyond ability as strategist, tactician, or fighter, he refers to Nelson, "the foremost naval man of modern times." In him, he says, "the careful student . . . realizes that, underlying all, is the great administrator," who never forgot that the old saying that "an army, like a snake, moves on its belly," is little less true of the navy, and who made the physical welfare of his men his constant concern. The wonderful success of Nelson was due in no small degree to his preservation of the mobility of his fleet—"not the mobility which consists in getting an extra half-knot on a speed trial, with picked coal and firemen, but that which loses no time because it never misses opportunity." It is this administrative ability which the Pacific cruise is pre-eminently calculated to foster. As Captain Mahan says, in conclusion, "It is demonstrable, therefore, that the proposed voyage is in the highest degree practical; not only advisable, but imperative. Nor should it be a single spasm of action, but a recurrent procedure; for admirals and captains go and come, and their individual experience with them. Why not annual? The Pacific is as good a drill ground as the Atlantic."

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The Nobel Peace Prize

The Outlook commented two weeks ago on the fact that the Nobel prize for literature had been awarded to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and that the prize for physics had been awarded to Professor Michelson, of the University of Chicago, the discoverer of a new way of determining the velocity of light. The other awards have now been made public. They are: for chemistry, Professor Eduard Buchner, of the University of Berlin; for medicine, Dr. Laveron, of Paris, for his work on tropical fevers and infection through mosquitoes; for peace, Signor Teodoro Moneta, of Italy, and Professor Louis Renault, of France. Thus, literature, science, and peace are joined together. Alfred Bernhard Nobel, the founder of these prizes, was himself a scientist, inventor, and philanthropist, a great lover of sound literature and a believer in the success of every practical effort towards the fraternity of nations and the promotion of peace. Nobel studied mechanical engineering in America as a pupil of John Ericsson, and later invented dynamite and other important substances in the manufacture of which he acquired great fame and fortune. He died in 1896, leaving a will in which he directed that from his estate there should be paid the annual sum of $200,000 in five equal prizes. They are for the reward of the most important discoveries in physics, in chemistry, in physiology or medicine, for the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency in the field of literature, and for the most distinguished effort in the promotion of peace. The first four of these prizes are awarded by the academies of Sweden, but the peace prize is awarded by a committee of five persons selected by the Norwegian Storthing, or Parliament. It will be remembered that last year the peace prize was awarded to President Roosevelt for his efforts to bring to a close the war between Russia and Japan. The prize is divided this year. Signor Moneta, who receives half, has been prominent as a worker for peace in Italy. He was elected President of the fifteenth Universal Peace Conference a year ago at Milan. M. Louis Renault is the well-known Professor of International Law at Paris, and the third of the three French ambassadors at both the first and second Hague Conferences. He is also a member of the permanent Hague Court of Arbitration. He is sixty-four

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years old, and at this year's Hague Conference was accounted its most efficient member. A Roman toga would seem far more appropriate for his costume than the modern clawhammer, for he is the embodiment of encyclopædic learning, of stern morality, and of that austere dignity of manner appropriate to one who combines such learning and such morality. Professor Renault also enjoys the distinction of being the Legal Adviser to the French Foreign Office. He has been the delegate of the French Government in many international conferences, especially to those other conferences held at The Hague concerning private international law, in contrast to those far better known international peace conferences of 1899 and 1907, which discussed exclusively public international law. The questions of private international law considered were those concerning paternity, guardianship, succession, and legal procedure. M. Renault's many admirers will receive the announcement of the Nobel award with satisfaction, and particularly his many pupils and disciples, whether at Dijon, where he formerly taught, or at Paris, where he now teaches.

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Bernadotte's Heir

About a century ago Jules Bernadotte, a Gascon adventurer, rose to be a Marshal of France. At that time Charles XIII. was King of Sweden. He was childless. He was an intense admirer of Napoleon and of Napoleon's marshals. To the world's astonishment, the King selected Marshal Bernadotte as his heir, and the Swedish people ultimately confirmed the choice. Bernadotte associated himself so heartily with his adopted land that in 1813 he aided those Powers which were endeavoring to crush Napoleon. Bernadotte's attitude caused the Congress of Vienna, after Napoleon's overthrow, though it disturbed every French marshal who had obtained exalted preferment, to leave the new Swedish monarch undisturbed. Thus Europe manifested no opposition at the transition from Charles XIII., the last of the House of Vasa, to Charles XIV., the first of the House of Bernadotte. A Gascon peasant was now on the throne of Sweden and Norway. He founded a dynasty comparing well with those ancient before he was born. He was succeeded by his son, Oscar I., and he by his son, the chivalrous Charles XV., who ruled until 1872. Charles XV. was succeeded by his brother, Oscar II., who died last week. Educated for the navy, as is common with the second sons of royal houses, Oscar had risen to the rank of Admiral when his brother's death summoned him to larger responsibilities. His reign was a period of marked material progress and prosperity. But, as Mr. Harboe showed in an article on King Oscar in The Outlook some time ago, in the realm of education progress was yet more marked. This might be expected from countries whose monarch was a linguist, essayist, scientist, historian, poet, orator, and composer of no mean rank. Many of the hymns now in use throughout Scandinavia were written by Oscar II. More than any other modern monarch, he realized the versatility of a Leonardo. Indeed, there were few things which he could not do with some degree of skill. Most of all, he was a very human man. It was as easy for one of his subjects to secure an audience with him as it is for an American to obtain an interview with President Roosevelt. No matter how low in the social scale, all that any intending visitor had to do was to write his name in a book three days previous to the next public weekly reception. The King would also walk about the streets of his capitals quite unattended, looking at the shop windows or at the exhibits within, side by side with his subjects. He united the democrat with the monarch. He was accustomed to say, "If I never forget that I am King, I always remember that I sprang from the people."

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Every Inch a King

The death of Oscar II. removes the second from that triumvirate of venerable monarchs who have long been exemplars to others. Christian IX. of Denmark went first—"the Father-in-law of all Europe," as he was affectionately and justly called. And now King Oscar of

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Sweden dies, full of years and honor, leaving the third member of the trio, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, the oldest and most admirable figure among contemporary sovereigns. Because of the greater number of unruly peoples over which he has had sway, Francis Joseph's history has been more widely appealing than that of Oscar II. But because both monarchs were called upon to rule dual states, Austria-Hungary, Sweden-Norway, the careers of the two men have had much in common, in the endeavor to hold in union two dissimilar elements. In the ultimate analysis, Austria and Hungary are not so dissimilar as are Sweden and Norway, and Francis Joseph has succeeded where Oscar failed. Yet the struggle of each has been magnificent. In season and out of season they have nobly used the respect in which they have been held by all classes for the conciliation of those classes. When, in Oscar's case, however, separation was seen to be inevitable, he defied one influential class of his Swedish subjects, the Jingoes, by showing that, so far as he could help it, war should not follow, and appealed to the Norwegians as a whole in a dignified protest, fairly unrivaled in royal utterances. One reason for his moderation is found in the fact that few monarchs have more truly appreciated the function of a modern constitutional ruler; few have striven more diligently to justify the existence of their rank by wise and patient service to the people. To such a statesman as Oscar II. Swedish ambitions or Norwegian ambitions were of small account compared with the preservation of peace throughout the Scandinavian peninsula. His ideal was typified in the motto which, like all the Swedish kings, he adopted on ascending the throne, "Brödrafolkens Väl!" (The Brother-Peoples' Weal.) The Scandinavian peninsula is still populated by brother-peoples. An indication of this was seen last week at Christiania, the Norwegian capital, in the prohibition of the usual celebration at the award of the Nobel peace prizes, because of the death of Oscar II. Though entirely devoted to the new order of things, the Norwegians have not forgotten and will not forget the character of the King who ruled them for a generation. More democratic than the Swedes, they were peculiarly attached personally, if not politically, to one whom they felt to be really of like democratic instincts with themselves, even if he did show himself every inch a king. It will now be interesting to see whether Gustav V., Oscar's son and successor, will realize this ideal. Certainly he has had a long apprenticeship in it. He is nearly fifty years old. He takes the motto, "With the People for the Fatherland"—not an inappropriate one in view of his inheritance of a problem clamoring for solution, the extension of the suffrage and a more direct representation of the people in both the upper and lower houses of the Riksdag, the Parliament. The new King, who possesses an uncommon amount of energy, may probably be depended on to accomplish this reform and also to continue his father's reputation in some other directions. Gustav V. has already been recognized as a soldier of ability, as a student and savant, and as a patron of science, literature, and the arts. One has but to see his face, with its determination and refinement, to feel a certain assurance as to Sweden's future.

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The Reply of the Modernists
A Candid and Courageous Document

The promulgation of the Pope's Encyclical on Modernism has elicited a spirited, courteous, but quite candid reply from a body of Roman Catholics, among whom an apparently well-authenticated Italian rumor includes several priests. In spite of the Encyclical, the writers of the Reply declare that they are faithful subjects of the Church and will remain so to their latest breath, but also declare that they are "Modernists." They lay it down as a principle of elementary justice that an accused has a right to be heard in his own defense, and they refuse to believe that this right will be denied to them by the Church. The Encyclical, in summarily condemning them unheard, has incorrectly summarized their doctrines. They criticise their official critic, and to the condemnation uttered by the Pope against them reply sub-

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stantially as follows: Is the Church organized for conquest or for self-preservation? For conquest. But if it is to conquer the present age, it must speak its language and understand its thoughts. . . . No longer can the Church and the community meet each other on the basis of the mentality prevalent at the Council of Trent; they cannot understand each other through the medium of a mediæval language. The old dogmatic formulas sound incomprehensible to our contemporaries, and the traditional theocratic pretensions offend to-day the most elementary sense of personal responsibility. Thus the modern spirit must differ from the mediæval spirit, and it must be proportionately difficult to put modern religious experience into mediæval forms. The theology of St. Thomas Aquinas no longer satisfies twentieth-century exigencies. But the faith itself, all the right patrimony of religious experience, animates the Modernists only the more vividly, for they see clearly its adaptation to all contemporary needs. "The historical process, the methods, and the programme of so-called Modernism are very different from those pictured by *the editors* of the Encyclical." This language seems bold to an outsider, and it must seem even bolder to an insider; for the Pope can hardly relish a reminder of collaboration in the preparation of his Encyclical, any more than would most American Presidents welcome a similar hint concerning their annual Messages to Congress.

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The Reply of the Modernists
Biblical Criticism

The basis of Modernism, affirm the protestants, is not philosophy but criticism; and by its very nature textual criticism—that is, the analysis of Biblical documents for the purpose of determining their origin and value—is free from every philosophic presupposition. From such scholarly criticism has come the necessity of changing the concept of inspiration and of revelation and the necessity of introducing that of religious evolution and of distinguishing, especially as regards the New Testament, between the real and the internal story, between the historic and the mystic Christ. It is an indisputable fact that "Catholic tradition—that is to say, the living transmission of the religious spirit which springs from the Gospel—has undergone profound transformation during the history of the Church," for it has passed from the Messianic preaching of Christ to the Hellenistic second-century Fathers, to anti-Gnostic polemics, to the definitions established by the first ecumenical councils, to the mediæval doctors, to scholastic systematizations, to the formulæ of the Council of Trent. This is an evolution certainly, as indicated by every new doctrinal formula and every new juridical institution. Quoting Professor Briggs, of Union Seminary, the writers then discuss Old Testament criticism in particular, and show the necessity of abandoning the ancient idea of Biblical inspiration. In New Testament criticism the writers emphasize the different material and form of the Fourth Gospel from those of the other three, and emphasize St. Paul's differentiation between the Christ of history and the Christ of faith. They then apply to the history of Christianity the methods of historic criticism, with results no less decisive. Traditional apologists have too long been accustomed to consider the Church as an institution outside of every contact with the moral and political world about it, and as following rules of development supposed to be in great part miraculous. But historic criticism has freed men from these prejudices and shown that Christianity is a historic event, its religious quality not depriving it of the qualities common to historic events in which man's spiritual activity may be expressed.

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The Reply of the Modernists
Theology

The Encyclical condemned the Modernists as agnostics. The second part of the Reply answers this charge. The writers claim that modern apologetics constitutes an effective attempt to free men from agnosticism, for it is only by meeting agnostics on their own ground that agnosticism can be overcome. The writers then consider three specific charges preferred against them by the Encyclical. The Encyclical charges that

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Modernists regard all religions as in substance equally true. This the Modernists deny, but they affirm their conviction that every religion mirrors the grade of culture and social evolution of the peoples among whom it is diffused, and so gives rise to healthy and useful experiences. The Encyclical charges that Modernism separates science from faith and makes faith subject to science. The writers reply that they do distinguish sharply between the two, but have no desire to subject faith to science. The Encyclical reproves the Modernists for wishing to separate Church and State. . . . The writers take advantage of the occasion to demonstrate the benefits of such a separation. They affirm that Church and State were only united to meet a need which has long since ceased to exist. The Encyclical sums up the whole matter by pronouncing Modernism to be "a synthesis of all heresies." It is true, reply the writers, that the crisis existing in the Roman Catholic Church is a crisis not circumscribed by any particular dogma or doctrine. But history shows that the great crises, similar to the present, in the Church have been finally terminated with advantage to the Church itself, just in proportion as the base of the discussion was ample. Hence, the Modernists hope that their movement, so vast and complex, will triumph without violent convulsions, that it will absorb the Church in it, and will then itself be absorbed in the Church. The mere fact that men in the Church venture such a reply to a Papal encyclical is significant. It emphasizes the separation between the supporters of a mediæval scholasticism and the aspirations of what we may call neo-Catholicism. The latter constitutes one of the most important historic events of the beginning of the twentieth century. Its importance is not to be measured by either the number or the ecclesiastical influence of the men engaged in it. The Vatican has now issued a decree condemning as a mortal sin the buying, selling, or keeping of this Reply. Such an announcement is more interesting than that of the excommunication of certain liberal priests by a reactionary Pontiff; but the actual fact of Papal censorship will probably prove the best possible popular advertisement of the Reply. The whole affair, from beginning to end, and in every detail, indicates anew the irrepressible conflict between Papalism and Catholicism, between crystallized, finite immobility and progressive momentum. That immobility may triumph in the organization is possible. If so, its victory will be fatal to the Church. Incurable paralysis can end only in death.

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Kindergarten Progress

The dedication of the building erected for the New York Kindergarten Association by Mr. John D. Archbold, of New York, as a memorial of his daughter Frances Dana Archbold Walcott, was a notable event in the history of an educational association whose short life of sixteen years has been a period of extraordinary educational development. Started by a group of people who were anxious to secure the introduction of the kindergarten into the public schools of New York and to open kindergartens in crowded tenement-house districts, the Association has the satisfaction of seeing to-day more than six hundred kindergartens in the public schools, and of conducting thirty-six kindergartens of its own at what may be called strategic points in the foreign sections of New York. Its work can probably never be done by the Board of Education; for kindergartens must often be planted where it is impossible to place public schools, and the kindergarten is the entering wedge, not only of better training, but of the higher civilization. The kindergartens of the Association have been points of light in dark places. They have not only brought together the children and taught them the elementary truths which Froebel held to be fundamental in all training, but they have reached the mothers, and through the mothers they have deeply influenced hundreds of tenement-house homes. This is missionary work of the most direct and fruitful kind; it deals with little children in their most receptive years, and it offers them that which can be given away with impunity—education. In his address at the

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dedication of the new building, President Butler, of Columbia University, emphasized the need of the work of the Association, declaring that the period of experimentation is over for the kindergarten, and that it has become firmly established in the educational system of the country. The building combines in an unusual degree solidity, beauty, and adaptation, and its occupation, by the generosity of Mr. Archbold, undoubtedly marks the beginning of a period of more extended usefulness and more rapid growth.

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Exeter Hall and Crosby House

Exeter Hall's career as a London institution came to an end last July, when the Young Men's Christian Association, which had been owner of the historic hall since 1881, gave possession to new purchasers who will erect upon its site a modern business building. Since its founding in 1831 on a site which had been famous for more than two centuries for buildings known respectively as Exeter House and Exeter Change, the Hall which closed its doors to the public last summer had been a kind of intellectual, moral, and philanthropic clearing-house for the world's largest city. On its platform had stood the greatest lecturers and orators of the nineteenth century, and, in addition to its thus serving as a platform for English thought, it was for many decades the London home of choral music. Mendelssohn in 1842 played on its great organ, and in 1847 conducted in Exeter Hall, in the presence of Queen Victoria, the first performance of his "Elijah." Its famous platform, free to a good cause, became, in the words of Charles Knight, the historian of London, "a living part of our institutions, as in these days a sort of 'Fourth Estate' of the realm." "St. Stephen's," he adds, "is not better known as the seat of legislation than Exeter Hall as the recognized temple of modern philanthropy." The passing of such a place was a loss, not only to London, but to the English-speaking world generally in which worthy traditions are still a force. Exeter Hall, however, was of yesterday in comparison with another more famous and more beautiful London landmark which, the cable tells us, is now doomed. Crosby House, later known as Crosby Hall, was famed as the most beautiful type of domestic building in London long before the discovery of America. Its reputed builder was Sir John Crosby, an Alderman of London during the reign of Edward IV. Sir John died in 1475, and during all the centuries since his death the fine house he built has been one of the sights of the city, its antique, impressive air being in striking contrast to the tide of business which now passes so near it, yet leaves it in a serene, sheltered nook as if still dreaming, amid the Babel of modern London, of the days of Richard of Gloucester, Sir Thomas More, and "the spacious times" of great Elizabeth. That Crosby House has survived the chances and changes of so many centuries and is to-day, as Cunningham describes it, "the most interesting example we possess in London of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century," is highly creditable to the English people. But the building in Bishopsgate-Within was sold last summer to the Chartered Bank of India for the sum of £175,000, and the work of demolition, in order to make way for a new business structure, would have promptly begun had not the lovers of antiquity bestirred themselves. The bank felt compelled by public opinion to grant a respite for the building until September 30, at which time, it was announced, unless the purchase price was raised by its friends, the venerable relic would be destroyed. Appeals were made through the press and by a committee headed by some of the most notable men of England, and a considerable part of the sum was pledged. A still further extension was granted in response to an earnest request, but the last effort was unavailing. Tradition survives, but, as shown by the Crosby Hall incident, it is no longer strong enough to combat the inrush of modern ideas and the necessities of modern business; a fact of which New York has also been made aware in regard to certain relics of its earlier history, though it has happily succeeded in saving some of them.

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A Christmas Thought

The story of the birth of Christ is the most beautiful in its fact and its imagery ever told in human speech. It is as simple in its setting as it is profound in its significance; as tenderly and unaffectedly human in its relationships and background as it was divine in its purpose and power. To all the world it was the proclamation that the Son of Man was also the Son of God, and that in the lowliest as in the highest human experiences and conditions the Heavenly Father is eternally present. No cradle could have been more humble than the manger in Bethlehem, nor could any age have been more strongly organized against the Christ than that in which he was born. A Roman ruled the world; force was the power enthroned in the imperial city and organized into the immense efficiency of the Empire. The people from whom he came, and who, as the custodians of spiritual vision and order, might have made his cause their own, turned a heart of iron toward him, stoned him when he pleaded with them, and crucified him when he would have saved them from their bondage and blindness.

From the humility in which he was born the Christ rose by purity, beauty, compassion, and love to dethrone the gods of the Roman world and to give a new revelation of the God whom the Jews worshiped. To-day those who think of God as other than an infinite force, a formless tendency, a changeless law, turn to the Christ as his interpreter, revealer, messenger. To-day the world watches the slow but sure decline of the authority of force, the slow but certain ascent of the authority of love. The child of Bethlehem has become the ideal man, the divinely appointed messenger of the Infinite to the whole Western world; and the truth, of which he was not only the revealer but the incarnation, rises like the sun on a world which has left the ideals of the Roman far behind it.

That he came and lived among his fellows is matter of history; his birth is far more definitely a matter of historical record than was the birth of the Cæsar whose authority he destroyed. But the evidence of his coming did not cease with the reports of the Apostles; it has grown year after year, until modern history becomes more and more a witness to his passage through the world. His coming was not complete when he was born in Bethlehem; few, relatively, saw his person, heard his voice, were present when his wonderful works were wrought; but the world was to have other witnesses than his contemporaries. Such witnesses it has had in every generation since he went away as mysteriously as he came; every age has heard testimony and seen proof for itself. The destruction of a massively intrenched social and political order organized around certain definite and powerful ideas; the slow but irresistible relaxation of ancient bonds of antagonism between races; the slow but irresistible advent of truths at whose force the Romans would have laughed, as strong men laugh at dreams; the reversal of ideas of conduct, human relations, success, power; the coming in a thousand ways of the feeling of pity, the spirit of compassion, the joy in service, the supremacy of love—these are the evidences that the Christ not only came, but is coming day by day into this sorrowful but upward-moving world. Born in Bethlehem, he is fast making the world his own; seen and heard by few, his face and voice are more and more familiar and dear to all the children of his Father.

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What is Money?

Nobody expects this question to be completely answered within the limits of a brief editorial article. In his studious and thorough treatise on "The Principles of Money and Banking" Mr. Charles A. Conant gives the reader a bibliography of the subject which fills nearly twenty pages of his two volumes. If a mere list of titles requires so much space, is it any wonder that the average man approaches the so-called "money question" with dismay?

Certain political economists, writers on finance, and bankers have created a jargon of their own which they use so skillfully in discussing finance that they

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have finally produced a world-wide impression that money is the subject of a terribly abstruse and difficult science which can be understood only by the highly trained and deeply read expert. As a matter of fact, the elementary principles of money may be simply stated and easily understood; it is the various practical uses of money in the complex relations of modern civilization that form a system difficult to understand in all its ramifications.

In the earliest beginnings of civilized society there was no such thing as buying or selling. Each man obtained for himself food, clothing, and shelter from the sea, the forest, and the earth. The next step was the exchange of commodities or of labor between neighbors. One man was an expert in making flint arrowheads, but a poor shot with the bow or the javelin; his neighbor, a good archer and spearsman, was a poor fist at flint-working. So they exchanged arrowheads, which were necessary to obtain food, for tiger-skins, which were necessary to protect the delicate surface of the human body from the wind, the rain, and the forest brambles. In the beginning all commerce and industry was barter, and in the end the great industrialism of the modern world is nothing but barter—that is, the exchange of commodities or of service. Not a single new principle has been added to commerce since the days of Adam, only new methods, new rules, and new regulations.

The chief new method which developing civilization has added to the commerce that at first consisted in the exchange of flint arrowheads or of tiger-skins is finance, or the use of money. The idea of money was introduced into commerce in some such way as this:

The flint man went to the tiger-hunter for a skin, offering flints in exchange. But the tiger-hunter, having no need of flints at that moment, declined, saying:

"I am not in want of flints."

"But, nevertheless, give me a tiger-skin, and I promise you shall have the flints when you need them," urged the maker of arrowheads.

"How will you bind the promise?" asked the tiger-hunter.

So the flint worker took a shell, and cut on it his private mark, promising to deliver so many arrowheads on presentation of the shell token, and, delivering the tiger-skin, the tiger-hunter took the shell to the fisherman, who gave fish for it; the fisherman took it to the medicine man, who gave advice for it; the medicine man took it to the deer-slayer, who gave venison for it; and the deer-slayer, needing flint arrowheads very badly, took it to the flint worker, who had got his tiger-skin and now willingly gave his arrowheads as a fair exchange.

Here we have the sum and substance of all modern commerce, industry, and finance—exchange of commodities and of service, and the circulation of the tokens of that exchange. Those tokens are called to-day money. Thus we see that the fundamental and essential function of money is to facilitate trade and enlarge its boundaries. There are, to be sure, some subsidiary functions which have been imposed upon money by the development of social and economic relations, such as its storage function, its function as a measure, and its function as merchandise. But these, being entirely subsidiary to its primal and elemental quality, do not need to be discussed here.

If the foregoing is true, it follows, in spite of the varying, sometimes conflicting, and not infrequently muddling definitions of money in existence, that a simple and yet accurate definition may be attempted with some degree of confidence. A piece of money, then, is a trustworthy, easily circulated, and promptly redeemable token used in the exchange of commodities or service. Money may have intrinsic value or it may not, just as may seem to be convenient, necessary, or desirable to the people among whom the money is circulating. The Clearing-House certificates of small denominations recently used so largely throughout the country were nothing but paper promises to pay a commodity equivalent in value to that for which they were issued. But they were just as truly money as English sovereigns, although not so good a kind, for the reason that their field of circulation was not so wide. The goodness of money, then, depends, not on its intrinsic value, but upon the

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ability of the token to carry out its face promises. The reasons why gold, silver, copper, and other metals have been so generally used as the materials out of which to make money are, that, first, they are more nearly indestructible than paper, silk, wood, glass, beads, etc., etc.; and, second, they have a fairly stable commodity value in the arts, even if their fiat or promissory quality as money should be repudiated or questioned. If, however, all the civilized countries of the globe were to take away the fiat, or promise-to-pay, character of all gold coins in existence, their bullion or merchandise value would be enormously lowered at the same time.

As we said in the beginning, the elementary principles underlying all use of money are simple and easily understood. The difficult and complicated thing to do is to apply those principles correctly to the vast field of modern social and economic life. What Congress has before it this winter is the problem, not of discovering some new principles of money, but of formulating a plan by which the natural laws that gave money birth may be more closely and more wisely observed in our system of creating and circulating the tokens of trade. These natural laws of money may be recapitulated as follows:

All commerce throughout the entire world is nothing more than primitive barter, or trading in commodities and service.

Finance is nothing but the great system of effecting this trading by means of tokens used in place of the actual things themselves.

These tokens are what we call money.

To perform its service most effectively money must be stable in value; trustworthy on its face; capable of the widest possible circulation; instantly redeemable in commodities or labor; and its volume in a given community must expand when the volume of tradings increases and contract when the volume of tradings diminishes.

Scientifically speaking, money should be made to fit the transactions of commerce, not the transactions of commerce to fit money. In aboriginal days the shell was not money at all, except when it was in the process of effecting the exchange of arrowheads and tiger-skins. It is this expanding and contracting quality of money which our National system lacks to-day, and stands most in need of. Congressional attention and legislation on the general subject of finance ought to be largely if not solely devoted during the present session to remedying this defect.

❀

Pay Your Bills

Panics are always irrational, because they are born of unintelligent fear, or because they greatly increase the possibilities of peril. There are many occasions which naturally give rise to fear; there are no occasions which justify a panic. When a real danger comes, the first duty is to keep one's mind at the highest point of intelligent action, and to keep one's emotions out of sight and hearing. In the face of a great danger a man ought to listen to his judgment, not to his emotions. The worst feature of a panic is that it makes men cowards when it does not make them brutes; and the special form of cowardice which comes with financial stress is unwillingness to part with money, the tendency to hoard what one has and increase the peril, instead of generously giving it out and thus removing the cause of the peril. In every stringency a host of people begin by not paying their bills. It is the delay in paying small bills even more than large ones which prolongs hard times, and unjustly and unnecessarily lays a heavy burden on the backs of some of the most prudent and honest members of the community. An honest man always pays his debts. If misfortune overtakes him, the day of the discharge of his obligation is only postponed; it comes as soon as he can make ready for it. But in a time of panic it is every man's pressing duty to pay his debts with the utmost promptness.

There are hosts of people to-day who have money in hand and are letting their grocers, butchers, milkmen, and others who supply the necessities of life go unpaid simply because they are timid, and, like some country and city banks, want to collect and keep as much money on hand as possible; as if money were for

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hoarding and not for circulation. This small-minded precaution is bringing misfortune to many industries and faithful men and women. Those who supply the means of life, whose coming and going from the house are part of the daily routine of keeping the family alive, ought to be the very last to suffer from delayed payment. As a matter of fact, they are the very first. People who can still spend money upon the theater, the opera, concerts, and other forms of entertainment, are letting their grocers, butchers, and milkmen go unpaid, thus contributing to the very condition which makes them cowardly. There is no longer any reason for timidity; but if there were, the duty of paying one's small debts with as great promptness and as deep a sense of responsibility as one pays one's large debts would press still more imperatively. It is a great deal more honorable to have a small bank account and no unpaid bills in the house than to have a large bank account made up by keeping money which belongs to other people. The first duty of an honorable man in a time of stringency is to see that he is not transferring to those who furnish the necessities of life the burden which he ought to bear himself.

❀

Famous Short Stories

The readers of The Outlook have shown decided interest in the series of selected stories which have appeared this year in its twelve Magazine Numbers, and the wish has been expressed for the continuance of this method of presenting some of the best work of famous writers, with brief critical estimate of their literary quality and methods; together, also, with the best obtainable portraits of the writers. The effort throughout has been, not to select arbitrarily tales which might be declared to be the finest written by their respective authors, but to present in the aggregate a collection of stories truly representative both of the writers and of their national literatures. This year, it will be remembered, the stories published have all been from English and American sources; next year it is proposed to present translations of short stories by famous fiction-writers of the Continent of Europe. The first of the new series, to appear next week, will comprise two short tales, in totally different veins, from Alphonse Daudet's always delightful "Letters from My Mill." As in the first series, Mr. Mabie will supply descriptive and critical introductions. Among the writers represented will be Daudet, Heyse, Maupassant, Tourguéneff, Tolstoy, and typical writers of Spain, Italy, Holland, and other countries. It need hardly be pointed out that brilliantly written and finely finished tales, many of which are not familiar to the majority of English readers, abound in this literary field.

In the comments on this feature of The Outlook which have reached its editors two things have been noticeable: that many of the most famous and greatest stories of our literature are, after all, new to many readers, or at least have been read so long ago as to be to all intents and purposes novel; and, on the other hand, that where the stories really were "old favorites" it has been a genuine pleasure to re-read them—that is to say, that what has more than once given sincere pleasure is just that which has power to give it yet again. We venture to say, for instance, that Dr. John Brown's "Rab and His Friends" and Stevenson's "Will o' the Mill" touch the sensibilities and move the sympathy as strongly when read the fifth time as the first. It has also been a pleasure to note the quick recognition of the value of stories which, although of the first rank in quality, are practically unknown to readers to-day—such as Mr. Shorthouse's "The Marquis de St. Palaye" and William Austin's quaint "Peter Rugg." One correspondent insists even that Charles Dickens's "Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions" is practically new because "everybody has seen the title, but no one, so far as I can find out, had actually read the story."

The Outlook hopes that the stories selected for publication in translated form the coming year may prove a source of entertainment and may also reflect the finest achievement of foreign literature in this department of fiction.

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UNCLE PETE'S POSSUM

A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY MARTHA YOUNG

ANY one may be lost in New York.

A step from accustomed haunts and a person is seen no more, thought of never again.

When Mrs. General Hugh Jones ap Jones closed the outer door of the office of the Polypolitan, the great magazine upon which she had held a humble position for thirteen years, she was as lost to her old associates and co-workers as if she had been swallowed up in the sands of the desert or in the waves of the sea.

All those years of labor her meager salary had but met her meager expenses. She must now begin the search for work, so difficult for the despairing heart and shabby-genteel person to bring to successful issue.

Any one may be found in New York. At the most unexpected moment the friend not seen in many years may suddenly accost one.

Some six months after losing her position on the Polypolitan, Mrs. Jones was on Twenty-third Street nearing Sixth Avenue, where the crowd is thickest and where the lavender perfumes are sweetest as the street venders sift the odorous seed through brown fingers to attract attention of probable buyers. Mrs. Jones was suddenly confronted by a little old bent negro with a board on his back.

That board bore letterings urging all to go to Maroni's for a table d'hôte dinner at twenty-five cents.

"Mistis!" ejaculated the old negro. "Oh, my Mistis!" with fuller assurance.

"Why, Pete!" Out went the little gloved hand with reblackened glove tips.

There was in that offer of the mistress's hand all the almost regal patronage that is the heritage of the old Southern slaveholder; none other can acquire it, none having had can lose it.

"I fear, Pete, that times are hard with you," suggested the mistress, glancing at the board projecting above the old man's head.

"Not so hard, Mistis, not so hard. I does dis mostly for exercise." Pete had noted at a glance that these shabby blacks were not as was the garb wont to adorn the former mistress of Fairmont Hall. He did not wish to burden her with relations of troubles that were his own.

"Whar you livin', Mistis?"

"Quite near here, Pete. I have a nice, sunny room."

There is usually sun through a skylight.

"Can I come dar and talk 'bout de good ole times when I gets through wid dis job?" pleaded the old man.

This was the beginning of many interviews.

A little inquiry among the servants of the rooming house informed Pete of his old mistress's way of living—of the six-by-eight skylight room four flights up, of the meager meals cooked over the gas ring, of the weary all-day journeys to sell for small pay papers written deep in the night.

He saw how, as weeks dragged on, the fine profile grew clearer and sharper.

He realized also that the little old aristocrat was utterly alone, more alone amid the million souls of the city than Crusoe on his island, for there Mother Nature stretched enfolding arms and here city walls repelled.

If Pete had known of that classic, he might have come to liken himself to Man Friday. But he did not know the story, and just now his old brain was busy trying to devise ways and means of bringing a bit of luxury into the starved life once ministered to so lavishly.

The push-cart of an Italian suddenly gave him the long-sought idea. The

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cart was heaped with luscious rose-gold pears, reminding Pete of the fruitage of old Fairmont orchard. Cards bearing the legends "3 for 10" and "16 for 25" stuck like standards in the assorted heaps.

A dozen pears cost all Pete's earnings for the day. The old negro's rearing among the most punctilious people of earth had given him some appreciation of the instincts and scrupulosity of the class. He realized that to render a gift to a superior acceptable it must not smack of lucre. It must seem to grow a part of Nature, as a bird's nest or a bunch of pine cones.

He bethought himself of an old bow-basket made of white-oak splints by his own hands away down in old Virginia. The basket was at his poor lodgings twenty blocks away. But away he trudged, drew the old basket from his carpet-sack, and, begging some half-withered ferns from a florist, he gave his pears quite a home-grown appearance.

Nor did his inventiveness stop there. He acquired, in imagination, a little farm in Jersey whence he came daily to the city on errands of business or pleasure.

The Jersey farm proved a master stroke, for now at least once a week he brought to his old mistress some growth from that wonderfully productive little farm.

"I wish I could see your little farm," Mrs. Jones had said one day, and Pete's knees shook with fright at the thought. "But I could not spare the time, or"—Mrs. Jones stopped as the word "fare" was on her lips. Only by its fruits was she to know the little Jersey farm.

When Pete recovered from his fright lest his mistress discover the deception he practiced, he asked a question he had long desired to voice: "Mistis, don't you never study 'bout gwine home?"

"Think of it! Pete, I think of nothing else."

"Den, Mistis, why'n you go?"

"I can never hope to make the money." Then, more to herself than to the old servant of her days of luxury, she recited something of her struggles.

She made just enough week by week, with utmost output of brain, will, body, to pay for the skylight room and meager subsistence.

"Why'n de chillen send you de money?" Pete's soft question scarcely interrupted the self-communing monologue.

"They haven't it. My daughters are both widows. There is food in plenty there, as on your Jersey farm, you know—"

Yes, Pete knew.

"But never a cent of money to spare. Ah! if I could only get there—there is home and space"—she threw up her old arms—"space—they do not know, they must not know. There are grandchildren, you know, Pete, and they have many needs—"

"Hit take a heap er money to git to ole Ferginny?"

"More than I shall ever see again at one time."

Pete went soon after this to the Old Dominion dock. He learned that to go to Fairmont Landing in Virginia would cost fifteen dollars—an impossible sum to one whose earnings were but a few pennies a day.

There were but two days to Christmas when Pete was sent on an errand far out in the Bronx.

His errand accomplished, he sat down against a fence decorated with the legend, "Post No Bills," to enjoy the open. Behind him all the city pulsed with glad preparations for the joyous season.

The winter had been wondrously mild. Pete knew, however, that the good days could not last. He knew that when the long-delayed bitter white winter set in there would be an awful, still cold in the skylight room. He knew that the crevices of the stone buildings which were his only lodgings now would be deep in drifted snow.

He had for a long time been able to pay for a bed only once in a while. His carpet-sack was now empty; all his poor belongings had gone into pawn. Yet he still managed to carry each week to his mistress the fruits of the Jersey farm.

As he sat now where the winter snow fell on him, he revolved over and over the question that absorbed all his thoughts: How could old Mistis get back to Virginia?

As he sat and pondered, suddenly—

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his eye fell on something—a thing shivering against a boulder in the unfenced lot across the way. It was a small creature. Its bright eye looked out with the primitive questioning of woodland denizens. Its every hair stood on end. Its sharp, twitching nose expressed the painful shyness of wild things brought suddenly to confront civilization. It was—Pete could scarcely believe his eyes—it was—a possum!

Since many years sight of that delight of the darkey had not gladdened Pete's eyes. The old negro looked with an eager questioning at the small creature, which returned his look in kind.

"I wonder," queried Pete in a very anxiety of desire, "ef you is a sho' 'nough possum. Ef you ain't, you look mighty lak you is."

The opossum twitched his nose closer to earth.

"You actin' shame' lak a 'possum, too. But den I dunno. Dis heah New York hit's a cu'us place for folks and critters," Pete soliloquized, as he gazed across at the coveted creature. "I made me fifty cents once movin' boxes full of animals at dat Hippydrum (and dey beats de drum dar too). But I ain't wait to get dat fifty cents, 'caze time I get done my job and was dodgin' 'bout 'caze of so many animals and cur'us critters, dar come up on me, right on me, a lion. And dat lion he *speak* to me as natchel as a man. Nothin' ain't skeer me since den, not *much*. Sez dat lion, sez he, 'Hello, old man.' Sez I, sorter sidesteppin', 'caze a lion is a lion any way yer face him and any way yer place him—sez I, 'Mighty well, Bre'r Lion, mighty well, but some bony, long of low feedin'.' Den dat lion he sat right down on his behin' legs, he did, and put his head in his befo' paws and laughed, he did, des same as a natchel man. Sez dat lion, sez he, 'Come back, ole man.' Sez I, 'Bre'r Lion, my job done now and my folks 'spectin' me home' (de which I ain't got no folks and no home, but I don't sesso den). Sez I, 'Far'well, Bre'r Lion, I wish you mighty well. I hopes your constitution expostulates suffocatingly, and I hopes your folks ekally healthable,' sez I, and I pulls my forelock to dat lion same as he was white folks. Dat lion he sez, 'Heah come my folks now.' Bless de gracious! I look, and heah come some several forty-'leven lions, mos' ob 'em walking on dey behin' legs too. Den I never tarried no mo'. I was clean gone 'fo' you could say de name er Jock Robinson, and de las' look back I tuck dat lion yet sittin' dar on his behin' legs laughin' fo' to kill."

At the sound of Pete's voice purring along in monologue, the opossum cowered closer to the rock in overwhelming shyness. Pete looked at it in increasing desire.

"Honey," he ejaculated, "you look lonesome, and I feels lonesome." With that he crept across, holding the opossum's eye with his, and murmuring: "You look mighty lak a possum. You gittin' shameder and shameder. 'Shame' to run, 'shame' to walk. Dar! He gone ter laughin' lak rale ole Bre'r Possum. Huh—dar. I got him! Heah you is now quoiled up in a knot, yo' teef grinnin' now, and yo' sides shakin' laughin'. Maybe perhaps he gwine speak now lak dat lion. Fat! So fat! Good thing I got dis cyarpet-sack. He ain't spoke yet. But den he mought. Sah, Bre'r Possum, 'scuse me, sah, but I hat'ter put you in dis bag. I kin tote you better dat way. He ain't say nothin' yet, but dat ain't no sign he ain't gwine to."

Pete's prize was heavy, and he knew, even though his feet were inured to long distances, that he could not afoot reach the lower part of the city with the burden. Seated on the car, schemes began to revolve in his brain. He held a prize he deemed priceless. Yet it had a price. At last he held something of real cash value. If he could sell it! If he could eat it!

The poor, half-starved negro's mouth watered as he felt the luscious fatness trembling under his arm.

Yet if he could sell it for five dollars, if he could find another—his brain whirled with the thought—he might, after all, get the coveted fifteen dollars which would put his old mistress again on Virginia soil.

Once there she might send for him, and there were grandchildren there—boys to be taught to fish and swim and hunt. He would find a purchaser for

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his treasure, and make a beginning toward those delectable possibilities.

The old darkey rode even to Wall Street, revolving these projects in his mind.

Walking up that narrow way, where every building sheltered the equivalent of many millions, the old man was sick at heart for just three five-dollar bills which would bring life and happiness to another. But he was cheered somewhat as he felt the weight of his precious burden. Where the crowd was thin Pete stopped. "I b'leeve I des look at him." Suiting the action to the word, he carefully opened the bag and peeped in. "Dar, done drop laughin' ag'in."

"A possum!" exclaimed a voice at his ear—a soft Southern voice. The voice betrayed the delight that the young Southern lawyer felt at finding an opossum in Wall Street. He was just arranging to entertain a party of friends at his apartment on Christmas Eve, and this opossum was the very thing to give the perfecting touch to his preparations. Five dollars? Good. The old negro had a good face. He was surely trustworthy. Here was the address. These directions to the negro cook, whom Pete would find at the apartments. Here was five dollars; here car-fare.

With five dollars in pocket and the opossum still in the bag, Pete turned back to Broadway.

Could mortal man have resisted such temptation? Pete came into Broadway near where he knew was the office of a Southerner noted for his wealth, good fellowship, and hospitality. Why not make another five—and now?

Entrance to the office was gained. Who could refuse admittance to a negro and a possum with to-morrow Christmas Eve!

The trade was made, but no five dollars was immediately forthcoming. Pete must go to the home of the purchaser, deliver the opossum and a note which would bring the price.

When Pete reached the house, the afternoon sun glittered on the well-appointed equipage into which the Good Fellow's wife was stepping.

How she laughed when she saw the old darkey and his possum!

James must go in for the maid to come for special directions to the cook concerning the keeping of Bre'r Possum till his death hour. Here the five dollars.

She was about to drive on when the decrepit appearance of the old negro attracted her attention. Probably, she thought, he was selling for another, and but little or none of the price came home to him.

"Stop! here, old man," she called, "here's lagniappe. You know what that is?"

"La, yas, mistis; thanky, ma'am," shutting his hand over the coin.

In another instant the equipage had whirled around the corner and was lost in the concourse of vehicles on Fifth Avenue.

In that instant Pete was scheming again. With a businesslike jerk he shouldered his bag with the opossum in it and started past the house, going westward.

"Come, stop! rascals! Bring ce-ce-ce-bête-la! Police, I will call!" cried the maid.

"Ma'am," Pete bowed very low. "butcher, ma'am. Madam she say, when she call me to de kerridge, lak you see she do, ma'am, she tell me, 'Take him to de butcher; when he kilt and clean bring him fer to put on ice!'" With this he opened his palm and showed the extra coin presumably given for the extra task.

"O! oui, oui," consented the maid, mollified by so many respectful salaams and ma'ams.

Hurrying west, Pete sped down Broadway to Times Square, where he offered his opossum to the proprietor of one of the several restaurants thereabout. The five dollars came readily, and this time Pete was left with empty bag.

A policeman who, with the gathering crowd, looked at the little animal, expressed the opinion that the creature had escaped or been stolen from the Bronx Zoo; it were best not to kill it until inquiries were made and satisfactorily answered.

Pete, with the cunning and dexterity of his race, had slipped away, and was already speeding toward the Old Dominion wharf.

Before the ticket window there he

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asked for a "ticket clean to Ferginny, to Fairmont Landin', sah. A lady's ticket. Colored lady? Naw sah, naw *sah!* A rale lady, what *is* a lady! My ole Mistis, sah. Mrs. Gen'al Jones ap Jones, sah—"

A touch on Pete's shoulder: "Old man, where's my possum?"

It was the young lawyer who had trusted Pete for his good face. Was victory now to slip from the feeble old hands?

"De ticket, Marse," stammered the old man; "it was des for the ticket."

The young man had a good face. Pete in his turn trusted a good face, and told it all—all the story of the skylight room, the cooking on the gas ring, the fruits of the Jersey farm that was not, even to the finding of the opossum and its several sales.

"I des studied dat I'd take Mistis de ticket, and she never would know how I git it, and let her git home for Christmas dinner. Dey young mistresses dey is ma'y'd and widders now, and dar's grandchillen too, an' I studied as I'd get Mistis to dem all for de Christmas dinner."

"What were *you* going to do then?"

"Who—me? La, Marse, I gwine to stay heah till Mistis send fer me, ef she kin send fer me." The old man's eyes watered with the negro's infrequent tears when he thought of how little prospect there was that Mistress would ever be able to send for him.

"Take your mistress the ticket," said the young man. "I knew General Jones. My father was his aide. There'll be a carriage sent to bring Mrs. Jones here to-morrow in time for her to take the boat. You bring your baggage and be here too."

"Baggage? Marse, I got no baggage but dis switchel," showing the limp carpetbag.

Christmas Eve and Mrs. General Jones ap Jones alighted from the carriage; she carried a bouquet of roses sent her by the son of one of her late husband's staff officers. On deck she found herself surrounded by fruit and flowers, gifts from the several survivors of Jones' Brigade now living in New York. They had but just now heard of the residence in the city of General Jones's widow. The young lawyer was there to say, at once, a word of greeting and of farewell. Also the Good Fellow and his jolly wife. When the wife had heard over the telephone a certain story of an opossum, she recalled the fact that she was third cousin, one degree removed, of Mrs. Jones's stepsister and therefore accounted "kin." The Good Fellow felt his sides incline to shake with laughter like Br'er Possum's whenever he thought of how his wife had failed to bag the game. And he felt his eyes grow humid when he looked at the erect, proud little figure of Mrs. Jones now so graciously receiving the belated homage of many, and when he recalled the story, as related by the young lawyer, of her wearisome struggle and of the faithful loyalty of one old slave.

With that elasticity of the Southern temperament, Mrs. Jones was basking in present pleasure and joyous anticipation, already the keen edge gone off the remembrance of her hardships.

With a ticket for himself slipped into his hand by the young lawyer, Pete kept well in the background.

Before New Year's Day Curator and keepers of the Bronx Zoo were rejoicing at the recovery of their fine specimen of Didelphys Virginiana, brought about by the exertions of a Broadway policeman. But all the squad could find no trace of a decrepit old negro who had sold the specimen to the proprietor of a popular restaurant.

That old negro was just then somewhere down in Virginia teaching a little boy how to make of a turkey bone a whistle that would, he declared, "des natchally draw a wild turkey fum de woods right up to de gun of de man dat whistled *right* in it."

"Uncle Pete," asked the little boy, "will you take us boys on a possum hunt to-night?"

"Um. Now you got me," said the old darkey. "Right dar you got me in a tight place. I dunno 'bout dat, honey. Possum is a mighty 'ticular critter, a mighty 'ticular critter. I dunno as I feels right ready—just yet—fer ter hunt Br'er Possum with de gun and de dogs, Not yit, I ain't ready. Not just yit."

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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

A CAROL

BY THE RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF TRURO

I

Christ was born on Christmas night,—
Sing the carol gaily!
King of Love and Lord of Light,
Praise Him, praise Him daily!
Welcome Christmas! Welcome Yule!
Mistletoe and holly!
Be ye merry, gentles all,
Mirth need not be folly.

II

Christ was laid in cattle-stall,
Ox and ass most duly
Did as to the Lord of all
Make obeisance truly.
Welcome Christmas, etc

III

Seven shepherds knelt them there
In that stable lowly,
Hailed as King the Christ-child fair,
Very God most Holy.
Welcome Christmas, etc.

IV

Seven shepherds fared them forth,
God's gift glorifying,
Told the wonder of its worth
To men, living, dying.
Welcome Christmas, etc.

V

Star-led Kings from Eastern land
Came on camels riding,
Spice and myrrh and gold in hand
For a royal tithing.
Welcome Christmas, etc.

VI

Gaspar, Belsar, Melchior,
Found in Bethlem City
Him they knew by m stic lore
King of Love and Pity.
Welcome Christmas, etc.

VII

Pity, mercy, peace, and love,
These be Christmas sweetings;
Be they ours from God above,
Take our Christmas greetings!
Welcome Christmas, et.

Lis Escop, Truro, 1907. *C. W. Tr.*

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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

A CAROL

Words by The Right Reverend C. W. Stubbs, Lord Bishop of Truro

Music by T. Tertius Noble, Organist and Master of the Choir, York Minster

In a flowing manner.

♩.=48. Trebles only.
mf
f
Christ was born on Christ-mas night, Sing the Car - ol gai - ly;
mf
f
King of Love and Lord of Light, Praise Him, praise Him dai - ly.
Full Unison.
Harmony.
f
mf
Wel-come Christmas! Welcome Yule! Mis - tle - toe and hol - ly!
Unison.
Harmony.
poco rit.
f
Be ye mer - ry, gen-tles all, Mirth need not be fol - ly.

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A Christmas Sermon

BY WILLIAM LOWE BRYAN

President of Indiana University

WISH to preach a short sermon on the text, "He knew what was in man." In all that you have learned within or without the schools, there is nothing more important than what you know or believe you know about human nature. You have been told many conflicting things. You have been told that men are, on the whole, very good, that they are friendly, generous, trustworthy, and that the joy of life lies in friendship and in co-operation with your fellows. You have been told that where men do fall short of what they should be, they are teachable, that they can be reached and touched and changed and made right, and that the highest and happiest life work is in some way to make men better, and then to live and die compassed about by their gratitude.

On the other hand, you have heard an entirely different story. You have heard from many high sources that life is essentially tragic, that under all the shows of civilization and religion life is war, as relentless as ever it was in the jungle, and that the hope of making society really better is forever an illusion. The honorable Brutus, it is said, the noblest Roman of them all, is never able to regenerate Rome. He comes at last to his Philippi, and is slain by the corrupt society which he has sought to save. The generous Timon, they say, who lavishes his wealth upon those about him, always finds himself forsaken in his adversity, and can only turn upon mankind with rage and curses. Prince Hamlet, we are told, finds always that the State of Denmark is rotten, and can only cry, "How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world!" According to this tragic view of life, Moses, the nation-maker, who leads the people out of Egypt through the desert toward the Holy Land, is always stricken with despair, not by his enemies, but by the perversity and treachery of his own people, and is always forced to cry to God as Moses did for death as an escape from his intolerable burden.

Now, in hearing and weighing these and other conflicting views as to what the truth is about human nature, it is surely worth while to hear

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and to weigh the view of Him of whom it was said, "He knew what was in man." What did he see in us?

For one thing, he saw the evil. No man-hater ever saw it blacker. He knew that there is in man lust and murder and treachery and a covering of hypocrisy. He knew no philosophy with which to take these things lightly. They were to him infinitely more dreadful than the lash or the crown of thorns. The worst of them was disloyalty—the disloyalty of his friends. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." He wept over Jerusalem, and said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" He was betrayed by one of the Twelve for money. On the last night they all forsook him and fled. And one of them, that night, three times denied that he knew his Master.

If ever a man was justified in turning with tragic hopelessness away from the human race, it was Jesus of Nazareth.

Why did he not give us up? The answer is, because he knew what was in man. Because underneath the man of lust and murder and treachery he saw another man who can not be given up. He knew the passion of the Prodigal, the passion which led him from his father's house into every iniquity; but he also knew that in the Prodigal there was a deeper passion which, if awakened, would lead him from among the swine back to the life where he belonged. He knew the disloyal cowardice of Peter, but he knew that below the cowardice and disloyalty there was a Peter who would stand like a rock in a storm. He looked out from his Cross upon a jeering multitude, symbol of the vaster multitude who forever jeer and crucify the good, and there he performed his supreme miracle. He believed in them. He saw what was in them. He saw through the darkness and through the whirlwind of evil passion the real multitude, whose deepest law, whose deepest necessity, is that they shall be loyal to each other and to their Father in Heaven.

My children, believe this man. Life is tragic, as he saw. Life is terrible, as you will know. You may fight as the tigers do until your turn comes to perish. You may curse with Timon. You may despair with Hamlet. Or, with Jesus of Nazareth, you may find a place within, where there are neither curses nor despair nor war, but where there lives an unconquerable courage for every circumstance and for every task which can come to you before the going down of the sun.

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AN IMPRESSION OF WHITTIER

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

It is safe to predict that among the group of New England writers none will be more widely beloved by Americans of the future than John Greenleaf Whittier, the centennial of whose birth (December 17, 1807) is being celebrated this week at Amesbury, Massachusetts, the poet's birthplace. He will be welcomed, like Longfellow, to the hearthstones of the homes of the future; for both poets were in a peculiar sense laureates of the family, singers for children, lovers of home. If Whittier had written nothing else, "Snow-Bound" would not only give him a permanent place among American poets, but endear him for all time to come to American children, and to their elders as well. So far as manner is concerned, it has very little in common with Burns's "The Cotter's Saturday Night;" but the two poems are fragrant with the memories of old homes, and bound up forever with the tenderest affections of the two countries. "Snow-Bound" is the domestic idyl of the American home. All that Whittier wrote suggests his religious temperament, his patriotic spirit, his facility of expression, and his frequent indifference to the niceties of poetic speech. A large part of his work, like a large part of Longfellow's, will quietly fall into oblivion; but a little group of poems, like "Snow-Bound," "The Eternal Goodness," "Maud Muller," will not only be found in the anthologies of the future, but, what is still better for the poet's reputation, will live, generation after generation, in the memories and on the tongues of children. Like Longfellow, he will be the poet of the school-house. At such a time readers of The Outlook will be glad of the glimpse of Whittier which Dr. Hale gives them this week.—THE EDITORS.

WHITTIER'S judgment of his own abilities and of his own services to mankind has been so well stated by himself and is so precise and so correct in its precision that I am not going to say a word about them. He has analyzed his own work a great deal better than I could do. I do like to say this: that his absolute indifference to fame and his utter unselfishness have given to the people, by and large, helps and opportunities which they would never have had, had he been a dainty officer in the royal guards, thinking for a moment of himself, his uniform, his buttons, or the traditions of the particular corps in which he was born. If there were a thing to be said, Whittier said it as well as he could, without the slightest thought of his own reputation.

Because of this there is a great deal of his writing which nobody reads and practically nobody remembers. In a thousand of his poems, perhaps, there would be nine hundred from which nobody ever quotes a line. But the other hundred stand out to be recited and repeated forever, because he said the right thing at the right time.

If he saw a head which needed to be hit, he hit it. He did this without a thought whether men would praise him for doing it or would not praise him. That head was to be hit; and hit it is. And you and I, if we read the address to the patrons of the "Pennsylvania Freeman," find in the twenty-third verse

> "That he, the basest of the base,
> The vilest of the vile, whose name,
> Embalmed in infinite disgrace,
> Is deathless in its shame,"

is "nailed to his self-made gibbet fast," and that he is to be left "a mark for every passing blast of scorn to whistle through." The chances are that you and I do not remember his name and that the deathless fame has already died. And it is of no great consequence whether we do remember it or do not. What is of consequence is to have somebody standing round who is not afraid to say such things when, for whatever high purpose, they need to be said.

It is this determination to do the thing which came next his hand that has given Whittier an introduction to thousands of readers who are quite indifferent to literature as literature.

Many years ago I had a very interesting class of thirty or forty ladies who met me Wednesdays for reading and study which should connect itself, partly with the calendar as the year went by, and still more so with the history of America. Before the class parted I would say, perhaps, "The eleventh of

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October, old style, was the day Columbus discovered Cat Island. Next Wednesday is the sixth of October, and you will bring me some poetry bearing on the discovery of America." Or I would say, "Tuesday week is the anniversary of the Boston Tea Party. Bring me something about the Tea Party." And so I have a very curious anthology illustrating American history for three hundred years, in which I suppose the poems are by nearly a hundred different writers. Of those writers Whittier is the chief in the variety of subjects he handles. He cared for it, and that was enough. Whether he did it well or ill was not a matter of which he thought much, if he thought of it at all. But some of those things live, and will be read, I think, in the year two thousand and seven. When we sent our first thirty-five men and women from Massachusetts to Lawrence, in Kansas, in 1854, Whittier wrote the "Emigrant's Song:"

"We cross the prairie as of old
The Pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the west as they the east
The Homestead of the free.

Upbearing like the ark of old
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man."

Now those verses will be sung and remembered when the existence of Franklin Pierce is forgotten, and when his Messages have gone where the Alexandrian Library went.

I do not suppose anybody will care much, but it is interesting to see that Whittier was swept away in his early days, like the other literary men of his time, with the madness of the aboriginal experiment. The native of New England of these small tribes which the white men found here was one of the most unpoetical as he was one of the most unimaginative and, in brief, one of the most hopeless of the genus man. But none the less there arose in the Brahmin class, both in Europe and in America, a manufactured theory that if there was to be any American literature the native Indians must play an important part in it. Even Freneau tried his hand in bringing his Indians into poetry. Cooper had to try the last of the Mohicans, and there would be such poems as "The Yamoyden," names even forgotten now by all but the present writer—of which the publisher of the time used to say, "A supply of the Yamoyden kept constantly on hand." One has to speak with caution because Hiawatha is so admirable. But that is the one great exception, if it be an exception, for it probably owes all its success to Longfellow's brave indifference to the ethnology of the native tribes.

Whittier, however, had to take his dose, as I suppose he took his dose every springtime of spring medicine. He has himself begged almost pitifully that we will forget Mogg Megone. He need not distress himself; and the same may be said of the Sokokis and Pennacook and Chocorua; all which it is, perhaps, hardly worth while to say so much, except as a caution to the young poet or novelist of to-day. The native "aberginian," as the old writers used to call him, meaning, as I suppose, the native of the aborigines, was not chivalrous, he was not progressive, he knew nothing of feudal institutions, he was not an idealist, he was a savage. And any effort to put feathers and wampum and a blanket on a lay figure which has been constructed on the tradition of Christian Europe will be a fatuous blunder. It is fortunate for us that poetry of present duty called Whittier aside from such fooling with an impossible experiment.

As an illustration, on the other hand, of the immortality which belongs to absolute truth, I like to see that in every decent hymn-book published to-day is his hymn to Christianity, "O fairest born of Love and Light."

Mr. Samuel Longfellow gave the title to this hymn, and it has been admitted into the company of the immortals by the most decorous of ecclesiastics. Whittier gave to it the title of "Democracy," and it was written for Election Day in 1843. The first line is, "Bearer of Freedom's holy light."

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ON THE TRAINING OF PARENTS

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

THIRD PAPER

BY RULE OF WIT

AT a dinner-table one evening, a man who was interested in his own children stated a rule by which he made sure that no child of his would disobey him. The rule is infallible. He remarked to his companion:

"I never give a command to my children."

"What do you do?" he was asked.

"I tell them stories."

That expresses a perfectly intelligible policy: Abdicate, and you will never have a disobedient child. You will also never have an obedient one. The fact that the man who made this statement was an Anarchist explains his theory. He regarded obedience not as a virtue but as a defect. He was altogether consistent. A disbeliever in government for society, he declined to establish any government for his family. In place of government, however, he at least took pains to establish something else. This was a systematic appeal to the child's imagination.

If one had to choose between government and influence over children through the imagination, there might be some reason for discarding government. As a matter of fact, however, the use of the imagination, so far from being antagonistic to effective government, is indispensable to it. The reason why we parents so often fail in securing obedience, and, what is more important still, in developing in our children the spirit of obedience, is that we are deficient in imagination—or at least that what imagination we have is untrained.

In this faculty in which we are weak children are strong. A little four-year-old I know, in making letters for his own amusement, frequently attaches arms and legs to them; it is his way of pictorially representing the animation he ascribes to them. Indeed, he sometimes goes so far as to transfer in mind these limbs to the object which the letters spell. Thus, he laboriously prints the letters P–I–G, adds to each letter a lively pair of legs, and exclaims: "See, the pig is running!" Mental processes like that, complicated though it is, are common with children. A child left alone in the nursery with his blocks will find them transformed into trains, steamboats, people, trees, animals, whatever he wills. In this picturesque form imagination may be called fancy; but it has many other phases. Imagination is an element in memory. Ability to recall a sound requires imagination. When, for instance, a child repeats a word he has heard some one use, his imagination has enabled him to summon up the sound of that word. Imagination is an element in emulation. When a child is trying to outdo another, or outdo his own past performances, he has to picture to his mind what he or his competitor had done and what the desirable outcome of the struggle would be. Imagination is an element even in fear and hope. When a child dreads a punishment or eagerly awaits a reward, it is his imagination that gives him the power to anticipate.

Like every other instinct, imagination needs training. We all carry about with us a menagerie of instincts. Some of them have been ill treated. In what a pitiable shape is the dyspeptic's food instinct! It has died of over-indulgence, and its corpse mocks him at every meal. The instinct of fighting has been given a bad name, and in many a well-conducted menagerie is kept chained; but it has been known to survive the most rigorous repression and to spring out with most abounding vitality in the midst of a meeting on behalf of peace. We have learned to avoid those people whose instinct of curiosity is not bridle wise; and we all have recourse at times to those who have nourished, groomed, and

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trained their play instinct. The fact is that the process of education consists largely in transforming these instincts of ours, which in their original state are wild and unmanageable, into domesticated and useful habits.

Now, imagination is a vigorous beast. Its youthful antics are very picturesque and amusing; it is sometimes whimsical and troublesome; but it can be made of the greatest service. Indeed, for all kinds of work I know of no species of instinct which I would more highly recommend. As a draught animal it is indefatigable; and nothing else can take its place for pleasure-driving. Yet I have heard of a private school for young women from which all fairy books are excluded, on the ground that a girl's imagination needs repression. Like some other instincts, imagination cannot be altogether repressed, though it can be tamed and guided. If it is left boxed up and wild, it is apt to break out and take a canter through dangerous regions. Since, then, we cannot take a child's imagination from him, and we run into peril if we neglect it, the profitable course is to show him how to break it to harness and make it serve him.

We cannot do this, however, unless we have paid some attention to the training of our own imagination. As a wild young colt will trot about beside its dam, so a child's imagination will readily follow that of an older person. But the two must be at least in the same lot. If we are going to appeal to a child's imagination in teaching him how to obey, we must exercise some imagination in giving commands. We thus come upon that recurrent principle that the chief task in the training of children is the training of ourselves.

That imagination may be used in maintaining strictness of discipline seems to some to be almost a contradiction in terms. It seems like invoking an imp of dreams to assist in adding up a column of figures. In many minds imagination suggests dreaminess, woolgathering, waywardness, irresponsibility. That is one reason why we parents who like to be obeyed, who are inclined to believe that it is a virtue to be dictatorial, and who sometimes confuse our own will with the immutable principles of righteousness, so often fall into error. To a child there is nothing more serious, nothing more real and regular, than the products of his imagination, and nothing more vague, whimsical, irregular, than the unexplained orders which he receives from grown people. If we wish to impress a child with the seriousness and reality of our authority, we had better put our imagination into condition.

There were two small boys in a town of the Middle West. Active, spirited, mischievous, and in other respects healthy, these two lads—the younger about four years old, I believe—gave their father and mother much concern. One day an old drill-sergeant established in the neighborhood a class for boys, and in a short time received these two as pupils. The transformation was sudden. The boys were soldiers. Happily, their mother was imaginative. They were therefore soldiers not merely in the class but also at home. The standards of conduct put before them, the punishments dealt out to them, and the rewards bestowed upon them were such as befitted defenders of the home. Obedience, promptness, chivalry, order, courage, regularity, honor, truthfulness, were not unreasonable qualities to expect from such as they. When one of these warriors was absent without leave for the greater part of a day—in other words, ran away—it was not inappropriate that he should be kept in solitary confinement on short rations. The discipline meted out to those youngsters was, from any point of view, severe. Even corporal punishment, which, as ordinarily applied, is crudely devoid of the imaginative element, became measurably glorified; it was a part of the hardship which they were called upon to endure as good soldiers. Of course this régime was accompanied with plenty of instruction in military traditions and practices. A constant visitor to that household has found in the manliness and good breeding of these children a source of amazed gratification. In another family, who had no access to a drill-sergeant with a streak of poetry, a somewhat different method has been in vogue. The boys in that family do not belong, as it were, to the

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regular army, but rather to the militia. They are not always under a military régime, but are liable to a summons at any time. When they hear the command "Fall in," they know they are expected to stand in line and await orders. In the absence of their parents, they know that the older person left in charge is their commanding officer; and upon their parents' return they know that they will be called upon to fall into line, salute, and report to their father. Each is supposed to report any infraction of discipline which he himself—not his comrades—has committed. No punishment is administered as a result of such report, except for deliberate concealment. Each also reports some especial pleasure he has had. A good report is followed by formal and official congratulation. A reminder in the form of a sign, marked "Remember the Report," and placed in a conspicuous position in the nursery, has helped to train and direct their imagination. Since the report includes a record of enjoyments as well as of offenses, this reminder is not so threatening as to many people it would seem. Indeed, the proposal that such a sign be used met with instant approval from the young militiamen.

Those who object to tin soldiers as toys will have little patience with this metamorphosis of real children into creatures of militarism. Very well, let them be monks instead, or members of a labor union, or railway employees, or idealized legislators, or even honest policemen, anything that will not put too great a strain on the imagination—of the adults. The point is simply that the exercise of the strictest authority over children is compatible with the most lavish use of the imagination.

There is nothing necessarily soft or flabby about the imaginative life. There is no special reason why little children should be afflicted with continual talk about the dear little birdies or the sweet little flowers. Indeed, the natural taste of children seems to be attracted in the opposite direction. One small boy, when he inquired about a bloody Bible picture, and was put off with the explanation that it was not a pleasant story, expressed the views of many of his age when, looking up angelically, he exclaimed with ecstasy, "I like to hear about horrid things."

Even the rod can, as I have suggested, be used imaginatively. A small boy who is well acquainted with the story of the Israelites in Egypt has invoked its aid. He is not overburdened with a sense of moral responsibility. One day, when he was dawdling over his task of changing his shoes and stockings, it was suggested that his father be an Egyptian and he be an Israelitsh slave. He joyfully acquiesced. His father took the tip of a bamboo fishing-rod as badge of authority and stood by. In a few moments the boy was dawdling. A slight rap over the shins recalled him to his duty. There was no complaint; for he knew it was the business of the overseer to keep the slave at his task. His shoes and stockings were changed in a very much shorter time than was customary; and he contemplated his finished work with satisfaction. A few days later, when he had a similar task to perform, he proposed of his own accord a repetition of the performance; and carried out his part with spirit. When we adults remember how much we rely upon some outside stimulus to keep us at our work—the need of money, the esteem of our neighbors, the fear of disease, the mandate of the law—we ought to be able to understand the reason why such an appeal to the imagination as this acted as a reinforcement of the boy's will, and therefore, by very reason of its disciplinary character, was actually welcomed.

Two other boys similarly acquainted with the experiences of Israel in Egypt contrived an application of one of those experiences to their own case. They had several times been thrilled by the account of the exciting race between the Israelites and the Egyptians to the Red Sea, and had repeatedly found relief in the safe arrival of the Israelites on the other side and the literally overwhelming defeat of the cruel army of Pharaoh. One evening their mother was engaged in washing the supper dishes, and they were engaged, as usual, in helping her by wiping the silver. On several occasions they had been so little intent on their work that their mother had finished all the washing

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and had wiped the china and glassware before they had wiped and put away the silver. This evening one of them suddenly became seized with a fancy. His mother was the Egyptian army and he and his comrade were the host of Israel. When the last fork rattled into its place and the silver-drawer was shut, what a shout of joy arose! The Egyptians had been outdistanced; the Israelites were safe. After that, when there were signs of inattention, the warning cry, "The Egyptians are coming!" would rouse them into instant and happy action. Now those children usually do this work rapidly. They have formed in themselves a valuable habit.

That was not a device. It was the exemplification of a principle. A habit, I suppose, can be beaten into a child; but it is more lasting as well as more wholesome if it has been created, in part at least, by the child's own will; and it is the imagination, charged as it is with feeling, which can most surely summon the will into activity.

The difference between ignoring this principle and recognizing it may be illustrated by contrasting two concrete instances. In the one case the mother appears at the nursery door.

"Look at this room!" she exclaims; "it is very untidy." She thus puts the brand of disapproval upon disorder. "All the blocks and toys must be put away and you must be all washed for supper by six o'clock; and you have so much to do you must begin at once."

"But I want to build this house."

"No; you must begin now." This is for the purpose, the mother explains to herself, of preparing the child to meet the harsh demands of an unfeeling world.

She notes that the child begins listlessly to pick up some of the scattered blocks, one by one, and drop them into the box where they are kept. After an absence of several minutes she returns. She sees but little change, although the child is hastily putting some toys away. She is aware, however, that this activity started only when her footfall sounded in the hall.

"If those things are not all in their places on time, I will have to punish you."

The mother is vexed, the child is unhappy and rebellious. A daily experience of this sort may result finally in some kind of habit in the child; but only at great cost of effort to the mother, and at the sacrifice of much of the normal relationship between the two.

Another mother appears at the door of the nursery.

"In five minutes it will be time to begin to put away the blocks and toys," she announces, thus giving some time for the builder to complete operations. Then she asks, "What are you going to be this evening?"

"I think I'll be Michael bringing the wood to the wood-box for the fire."

In five minutes she calls: "Michael, I want all the wood put into the wood-box."

The builder is now transformed for the time being into Michael. He has seen the lusty Irishman carry great armfuls of wood, and his own frail arms assume new dignity. He gathers the blocks by the dozen, and as he lets them fall, kerplunk, into the box, he sees great logs falling into place. In a few moments his mother reappears.

"You have been working hard, Michael, haven't you? I think you will have the wood in its place in plenty of time. How much better the room looks without those logs of wood lying all about! You can carry a good many logs at once, can't you?"

Repeated every day, this process will inevitably develop into a habit of orderliness. The regularity of the process is not in the least impaired by the fact that one evening it assumes the form of stacking up firewood, another evening of bringing in bags of coal to the cellar, another evening of loading merchandise on to a vessel. It is the same will that directs Michael, and the coal man, and the stevedore, and it is the same brain that receives the repeated impression of promptness and good order. In each case, whether it is Michael, or the coal man, or the stevedore, the workman is doing his task under orders; he is subject to authority. And if Michael, or the coal man, or the stevedore fails to do his duty, it is not inappropriate that he should suffer a penalty. Of course it will be more effective if the

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penalty can be made suitable to the character. Whether it is made suitable or not will depend largely upon the imagination of the person in authority. As a rule, however, the spirit of such a process as that which I have illustrated is less that of discipline than of instruction, or perhaps more accurately the spirit of discipline through instruction. It is, in fact, just because instruction plays so large a part in the government of children that those in authority need to have constant recourse to their imagination.

Deficiency in imagination is exhibited by parents not merely in their relation to their children, but quite as frequently in the relation between husband and wife. Criticism of the one by the other in the presence of the children can be accounted for, as a rule, only by a defective imagination. If the critic could be put for a moment in the place of the child who has heard the reproof, he would be amazed at discovering how he had weakened not only the mother's authority but also his own. In a certain household, let us say, the mother is strongly of the opinion that it is injurious for the children to eat anything between meals; the father, however, scouts the idea, and actually keeps, in his pocket, sweetmeats for which he invites the children to search. If he had imagination enough to look into his own children's minds, he would be mortified at what he would see. Parents at cross-purposes are simply exhibiting their own stupidity. Without imagination, therefore, there can be only the most ineffective government in the family.

It is surprising, on the other hand, how the exercise of the imagination will clear away many perplexing difficulties in discipline; for in the light of the imagination many of these difficulties are seen to be problems in moral instruction. Let me illustrate.

The boys whom I have already described as militiamen were left by their parents, for a day, in charge of a competent nurse. When they were called upon to report in the customary military fashion concerning their behavior, they all confessed to certain offenses involving the marring of property.

"Would you have done that if mamma or I had been there?" their father asked.

"No," was the reply.

"Then you sneaked on us."

That word "sneaked" was apparently new to them; it upset their gravity. The entire company, including the commander, was soon convulsed. What could be done? The case could not be allowed to end thus. Finally, after some degree of order was restored, the commander proposed that they all take turns in sneaking on one another. The plan which was accepted with enthusiasm was this: Two of the boys were to leave the room; then the third, in their absence, was to find some precious possession of each of the two and destroy it. No sooner, however, were the victims in another room than they raised a vigorous protest. As this was to be not a punishment but an experiment, the protest was heeded. The tables were turned; one of the victims was appointed executioner, and the executioner took the place of victim. After several trials it was proved that nobody wished to have his property destroyed. They thus learned that, however much fun it was to sneak on some one else, they did not wish any one else to sneak on them. Although they agreed, too, that if each had a turn there would be nothing unfair, they were all unwilling to lose precious possessions even for the fun of playing an underhand trick. By this time one of the boys had decided that all sneaking "was bad." It was then proposed to the other two that their father go out, and that they should sneak on him. This seemed to be a solution. They would have the fun, and suffer none of the loss. When they had committed themselves to this opinion, their father called their attention to the fact that he had already had his turn at being victim, and that now it was only fair that he should have his turn at being executioner. There was no escape. At the very moment when they were looking for all the gain and none of the loss, they were confronted with the prospect of suffering, perfectly justly, all of the loss and having none of the gain. By that time the word "sneak" conveyed an idea that was quite the opposite of humorous, and they were in position to appreciate their

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father's repudiation of any intention to act as a sneak. It was necessary for them to travel a long and roundabout way before they reached the point at which they could genuinely disapprove what they themselves had done. In the frame of mind in which at first they had been, punishment would have been meaningless; it would have signified nothing more than that an older person was vexed at something, and that they had to bear the ill effects of the vexation. What they needed primarily was not discipline but instruction. Incidentally, it may be added, they had a good deal of discipline in the process.

We are likely to forget that moral distinctions are not instinctive, but the product of experience. The capacity to distinguish between the good and the evil is, we may all agree, inherent; but ability in deciding what acts belong in the category of the good and what in the category of the evil is acquired. There is no magic voice within a little child informing him what a lie is and warning him that it is evil. It is not enough, moreover, to tell a child over and over again that lying is wrong; it is equally necessary to instruct him so that he will recognize a lie when he encounters it. The knack of recognizing the difference between truth and falsehood is like the knack of recognizing the difference between edible and poisonous mushrooms. It comes only after careful instruction and long practice, and it is not as easy as it seems. Is "Alice in Wonderland" falsehood? Are the statements in Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" true? I believe I could set an examination in the subject, asking for reasons for the answers, which a good many parents could not satisfactorily pass. A child who habitually lies may be consciously doing wrong; but it is also possible that he has been simply ill taught, or not old enough to be taught at all in this subject. In order to reach a child's mind for the purpose of enabling him to see the difference between a lie and the truth, we must have imagination enough to put ourselves in the child's place sufficiently to find out what his conception of the truth is. It is easy to assume that a child is lying when he is merely experimenting with language, or is desiring to please, or is playing with his fancies. If we want children to understand us, we must exercise enough imagination to understand them. After we have established some basis of mutual understanding, we can feel free to proceed with rigorous discipline.

I hope I shall not be misunderstood. It is not necessary that a child should understand the reason for a command before he obeys. Obedience first and reasons afterwards is a good rule, and one that may even prevent disasters. It is necessary, however, that a child should understand what it is he is commanded to do or not to do. It requires some imagination to ascertain whether the child understands this or not.

Instruction in manners, like instruction in morals, requires the use of the imagination. The adult who is receiving his first lesson in golf ought to be able to understand why a child has difficulty in properly holding his spoon; the difference between a niblick and a stymie is not nearly so hard to learn as the difference between "please" and "thank you." Manners are more arbitrary than the technical terms of a game or a calling. Why it should be wrong but not naughty to eat with your knife or to sing at the table children do not readily see.

As with regard to morals and manners, so with regard to all that a child has to learn, instruction is best coupled with imagination. A generation ago my grandfather wrote a book. Its title seems to attach it to a long bygone age. It is called "Gentle Measures in the Management and Training of the Young." I know of no book which in spirit or in principles is more modern. I do not think its substance will ever be antiquated. It was through no fault or merit of mine that the author of this book was my grandfather; so I can see no reason why I should not be as free as any one else might be in expressing the wish that every parent who has some interest in the training of children might not only possess a copy, but also read it studiously. His words, with their touch of quaintness, concerning the use of imagination in the teaching of

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children were but the transcript of the principles which he had established by use and found practicable.

Are the children restive or boisterous? Do they talk incessantly and nonsensically? A little imagination will suggest what should be done with them. They are steam-engines under full head of steam. If you do not wish to starve them into lassitude, set their activity to work in some direction that will not be troublesome. Has one of the children pinched his hand in the door or bumped his head? Summon up your imagination. He is a man who has met with an accident; call the ambulance, which comes in the form of a two-legged creature, to carry him to the hospital, which to grown-up eyes looks amazingly like the couch in the sewing-room; give him some medicine out of a bottle, which has the appearance of a shoe-horn. Is there an altercation in the nursery? Let there be a court established, and the issue heard and decided in due form. No retinue of servants can work such wonders as a moderately alert imagination.

If we parents have allowed our own imaginations to become atrophied through disuse, so that we are incapacitated from sharing in the most vivid part of our children's world, there is at least one thing we can do; we can restrain our natural impulse to interfere with our children's imagination. For a generous portion of every day we can leave our children alone. We are, of course, useful to them in emergencies, but ordinarily we prosy folk are in their way. What a nuisance we are when we impose upon an imaginative child that horror known as a mechanical toy! The nodding mandarin is so insistently a mandarin that no child with a healthy imagination can respect it. Off with its head! it then can conceivably be the pillar of a house, or a chimney for a steamboat. Large flat wooden dolls that come in a game set have been known to serve admirably as roofs for block houses. Shall we allow the children to abuse their toys in this wise? exclaims the prosaic adult. The children might well reply, Must we be forced to lose our real world and to live in a commonplace, unreal world like yours? Elaborate dolls, complicated mechanisms, elegant playthings, may gratify the vanity of an adult, and even whet the curiosity of the growing boy and girl, but will not take the place of real toys like blocks of wood and spools and marbles. If we must nag him at other times, at least in his play let us leave the child alone with his imagination and the materials which his imagination can best use. If we are nonplused by the enjoyment which a child finds in such simple things, it is because we have not the imagination to perceive that these very same simple things are the most capable of varied transformation.

Like those complicated toys which are made merely because the adults, who have the money, buy them, some kindergartens are engines of destruction. The play instinct, which psychologists kindly explain is simply the instinct for self-directed activity, is in mortal peril from people who are always for supervising children's games. Controlling the play of children is really attempting the impossible. As soon as it is controlled from the outside, play ceases to be play. If some one else directs the child, he ceases to be self-directed. Play is not mere recreation; it is sometimes very serious business. What makes it play is that it is not done under orders. And real play requires imagination. We parents can spoil our children by confining them to the artificial things we enjoy in lieu of our own minds. If we wish to amuse ourselves, we can do so for a time by spoiling our children. But if we wish them to enjoy life, as well as to grow strong in body and mind and character, we will not tempt them by the spices, the mechanisms, the artifices of our world, but will leave them as much as possible to wander and play and work unmolested in the world of simple things. Simple food, simple occupations, simple toys, simple surroundings—at least such we call them; in fact, there are no riches like them to the child—or the adult for that matter—who has not been robbed of his imagination. If we have lost ours, and must go about our task of instruction and discipline in the unreal way of the dry-as-dust, we can at least leave the child his. That is possible for the dullest of us.

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ROBERT OWEN THE DREAMER

IT is now half a century since the death of Robert Owen, founder of the co-operative movement and arch-inspirer of early English Socialism, and his life story has already been told by several writers. But the biographical study[1] now undertaken by Mr. Frank Podmore is welcome, nevertheless. Not only does it make use of much fresh material rendered available by the discovery of some hundreds of letters written by Owen, but it presents the most convincing, if not the most striking, portrait of Owen that has yet been drawn. Unlike Holyoake and Lloyd Jones, Mr. Podmore does not write as one of the enthusiastic band who were proud to call themselves Owen's disciples; and he is far and away more fair-minded than Sargent, the first to attempt a formal estimate. So that, if lacking in the enthusiasm and intimate touches that lent such interest to the earlier biographies, his work is characterized by a thoroughness, sanity, and impartiality that warrant the belief that Owen has at last been definitely and properly placed in the history of his time.

On that history he exercised an influence which it is difficult for even the out-and-out Socialist to appreciate. When he was born in a saddler's humble home in North Wales, his country was on the eve of the great industrial revolution wrought by the coming of steam and machinery. Already the transition from the system of cottage industries to the factory system had set in, and while Owen was serving his apprenticeship in linen-drapers' stores it advanced with giant strides. At the age of nineteen he was brought into direct personal contact with it when, having removed from London to Manchester, he invested his savings in a diminutive cotton factory. Before long he began to realize clearly the dismal consequences to the working class of the new conditions of production. He beheld men, women, and children toiling for many hours a day in ill-ventilated buildings, compelled to keep at work even while they snatched a hasty meal, given no chance to rest, and sunk in the deepest degradation and misery. As he bitterly expressed it, the employers had an eye only to profits, and took far better care of the inanimate machinery than of the human beings who worked it. Machinery was costly, labor was cheap and abundant—though not so abundant but that it was reinforced by the expedient of dragging waifs from the workhouse, children of the tenderest years, and forcing them to labor in the factories.

An employer himself, Owen was also one of the most humane men who ever had control and direction of other men, and it became his unalterable determination to do all in his power to better the lot of the workers. He saw clearly enough that as a class they were ignorant, shiftless, even vicious. But it seemed to him that this was the result of their surroundings; whence he derived an additional reason for striving to improve the conditions under which they labored and lived. He believed, to quote his own words of later years, that "any general character, from the best to the worst, from the most ignorant to the most enlightened, may be given to any community, even to the world at large, by the application of proper means, which means are to a great extent at the command and under the control of those who have influence in the affairs of men." To the discovery and application of these means he now bent his every effort, and by 1800, when he had so prospered as to become part owner and managing director of large factories at New Lanark on the Clyde, he felt that he had worked out the problem and could give it solution in a practical way. Briefly, it was his programme to teach his working people how to help themselves, and while they were learning the needed lessons to rule them with a kindly but strict paternalism.

As may be imagined, he encountered considerable opposition from the very persons whose interest he had in mind. His mills employed two thousand hands, of whom five hundred were children

[1] Robert Owen. By Frank Podmore. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $6.

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apprenticed from the parish workhouses, the rest being, as Owen himself described them, "a collection of the most ignorant and destitute from all parts of Scotland, possessing the usual characteristics of poverty and ignorance. They were generally indolent and much addicted to theft, drunkenness, and falsehood." Yet, in the comparatively short space of twelve years, he could truthfully declare that the people of New Lanark "had now become conspicuously honest, industrious, sober, and orderly, and that an idle individual, one in liquor, or a thief, is scarcely to be seen from the beginning to the end of the year." These results had been gradually brought about by a system that had some unique features. One was the establishment of a company store where goods could be bought at a reasonable price, in contrast to the exorbitant charges of the local dealers. The liquor traffic Owen fought from the outset, and he similarly organized a crusade of cleanliness, insisting that the mills, the streets, and the homes of the workers must be kept clean.

But the great feature of the New Lanark experiment, and perhaps Owen's soundest claim to fame, was the establishment of primitive kindergartens, the first schools opened in Great Britain for the instruction of very young children. A vital point of the "system" which Owen was working out with ever-increasing enthusiasm lay in its insistence on the importance of early education. But he defined education very differently from most of his contemporaries. His great aim was the formation of character, and with mere "book learning" he had no patience whatsoever. The first teacher he selected for his New Lanark children was an ignorant weaver, hardly able to read or write, but a man of splendid character, unlimited patience and love for the young. Nor did Owen believe in rewards and punishments. "The scholars," to quote from Mr. Podmore, "were taught to find the best incentive in the pleasure of learning, and in the spirit of innocent emulation which springs naturally when children are learning in company." Schooling, too, was made like play—interesting. Dances, games, and story-telling formed a large part of the day's work for the little pupils, whose ages ran from two to twelve.

Successful from the start, the fame of Owen's schools soon spread through the whole country, and visitors from even distant parts came to inspect them. Some of these visitors have left graphic pictures of what they saw. "The superintendent," writes a correspondent of the New York Statesman, "took us upstairs to a large dancing hall, which opens precisely at seven o'clock every morning. Here we found some eighty or a hundred children of both sexes, at an average age of about ten, paraded on the floor, under the charge of a dancing-master, and moving in measured steps to the music of an orchestra. . . . Next came a concert of music. The children were paraded in battalia, and sang half a dozen of the finest Scotch songs in full chorus. . . . From the ball-room we proceeded to the other departments of the school, and heard classes go through with their recitations in geography and botany. The former is taught entirely by maps, and the latter by transparent plates. In both the children answered with surprising promptness and accuracy." The correspondent added that grammar was taught by a "suite of emblems . . . personifying the parts of speech, and assigning to each its relative importance according to the military system. General Noun figures in his cocked hat, sword, and double epaulettes. By his side stands Colonel Verb, and so on down to Corporal Adverb."

As with the schools, so with the factories, where the appearance, skill, and evident happiness of the workers made a profound impression on all who saw them. Owen became widely known as an employer who was contriving to get wealthy without recourse to oppression. And it was only natural, therefore, that his views were sought by the Government when, in 1815–16, the agitation for factory reform became acute. With great frankness he urged several important ameliorative measures based on his own experience—shortening of the hours of labor, raising the age at which children might be put to work, and making provision for compulsory education—and he un-

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questionably exercised no small influence in bringing about the passage of the first Factory Act in 1819. But the problem in which he was by this time chiefly interested was that of providing work for the unemployed, whose ranks had been greatly increased by the ending of the Napoleonic wars in 1815 and the disbanding of some two hundred thousand soldiers. So serious, indeed, did the situation become that many public meetings were held to consider it, and at one of these Owen was requested to draw up a plan for relieving the widespread distress.

With this he may be said to have definitely embarked on the crusade which held first place in his heart and mind to the end of his days, and which was to give a powerful impetus to the growth of Socialism in England. It was his firm belief that the labor troubles of the time were primarily caused by the introduction of machinery, and that machinery must continually tend more and more to displace the human worker. He would, therefore, have the state find occupation "for the poor and unemployed working classes, to whose labor mechanism must be rendered subservient instead of being applied, as at present, to supersede it." And, arguing from the beneficial results of his New Lanark experiment, he advocated the establishment of model cooperative villages, whose inhabitants, after being educated along salutary lines, would work together for the common good and become self-sufficing and self-supporting. More than this, he proclaimed his belief that, as Mr. Podmore puts it, "when the experiment had once fairly started, the whole civilized world would gladly barter the cumbrous machinery of modern social life for the chance of living in these happy villages." In other words, Owen felt that he had hit upon a means of bringing about the millennium and transforming the world into an earthly paradise.

Opposition, heightened by his rash declaration that as an essential to success the religions of mankind must be discarded, only made him the more eager to give his plan a practical trial. Abandoning New Lanark, he devoted his time entirely to the task of converting others to his views. One method was to write long letters to the newspapers, and then, at his own expense, circulate thousands of copies through the British Isles. Another was to besiege influential persons, and dilate at great length on the merits of co-operation, non-religion, and sound education. He thus became notorious as Owen the infidel, Owen the visionary, and Owen the bore. "Owen," remarked Macaulay in the course of a letter describing an evening party, "laid hold on Sheil, and gave him a lecture on co-operation which lasted half an hour. At last Sheil made his escape. Then Owen seized on Mrs. Sheil, a good Catholic, and began to prove to her that there could be no such thing as moral responsibility. I had fled at the first sound of his discourse." But nothing could quench Owen's enthusiasm. Absolutely certain that he was right, he only awaited an opportunity to demonstrate to mankind the correctness of his views.

His chance came in 1824 when a village in Indiana, owned by the Rappist Society, was placed on the market, its inhabitants having decided to remove to another part of the United States. Owen promptly acquired title to it, named it New Harmony, and early in 1825 threw it open to all who might desire to live in a "community of equality," and would labor together for the good of each and all. Some nine hundred accepted the invitation—"a heterogeneous collection of radicals, enthusiastic devotees to principle, honest latitudinarians, and lazy theorists, with a sprinkling of unprincipled sharpers thrown in." Necessarily, there had to be considerable weeding out, a task which fell on Owen's two sons, William and Robert Dale Owen. And even then New Harmony strenuously belied its name. The organization was too unwieldy, there were too many conflicting influences, religious and racial differences, and the like, to permit the complete amalgamation of which Owen dreamed. At an early date it was found expedient to form two distinct communities, and afterwards others, until there were as many as ten. By the middle of 1828 the experiment had utterly failed, at a cost to Owen personally of more than two hundred thousand dollars.

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Yet he did not despair of vindicating his theories. He even made a journey to Mexico in the hope of securing a grant of land for another communistic experiment; and in 1839 he actually founded a community settlement in England, with similarly disastrous consequences. Meantime his views had undergone an important change. He had originally directed his appeal to the wealthy, feeling that they should take the lead in effecting the social revolution. But after the collapse of New Harmony it was to the working class that he turned; and from the working class he met a hearty response, though not altogether along the lines he desired. The idea of co-operation, of union, appealed to the laborers with irresistible force. They could not unite in the communistic villages whose charms he was forever painting to them through letters, pamphlets, and addresses. But they could, and did, unite in co-operative societies and trades unions; they could, and did, accept and propagate the socialistic doctrines that lay at the bottom of his teachings. Hence, in a very real sense, it may be said, as Mr. Podmore says, that the day Robert Owen promulgated his famous "plan" marked the beginning of modern Socialism.

Still, Owen largely alienated himself even from the working class by his indifference to their "half-way" measures, and his insistence on nothing short of universal co-operation. "The glittering vision of a whole planet partitioned out into quadrangular paradises, each with its sufficiency of well-cultivated acres, was always before his eyes; and the millennium seemed never farther off than harvest is from seedtime." This, of course, was the attitude of a visionary, and to most people Owen seemed more than ever a visionary when, in extreme old age, he became a convert to spiritualism and babbled of his "plan" to the mighty dead. There were still some, though very few, who listened to him with sublime confidence; and there were others, like his old acquaintance Lord Brougham, who, holding in lively remembrance the recollection of his solid achievements in the days before he set out to transform the world, maintained a warm affection and respect for him. But long before he died his personal influence and following had become small indeed; and his death, in 1858, was as the flickering out of a candle whose rays had long ceased to illuminate.

Nevertheless, he had put to his credit much besides the good work at New Lanark. "In the great years from 1830 to 1845," to make a last and informing quotation from Mr. Podmore, "Owen exercised an enormous influence on the democratic movements of his day; though perhaps not one in a hundred of those who came under his spell remained a professed disciple. His reputation—a reputation too little deserved—as a capable man of business; the fortune which he had amassed so easily, and which he held so cheaply; his extraordinary generosity; his invincible conviction that all things worked together for good—if only human perversity would not hinder—all these things drew men to him, and inspired even when they failed to persuade. So that though his disciples were constantly deserting his standard to throw themselves into other causes, and though the societies which owed their foundation to him failed to carry out his ideas and were continually developing on lines inconsistent with his teachings, the results actually achieved, results not foreseen by him, were still largely due to the influence of his character and example."

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Comment on Current Books

Four Books on Art and Artists

It is just as important to unearth an old friendship as it is to unearth an old picture. Professor Molmenti's sumptuous volume[1] does both. In the first place, he pays an ample and touching tribute to his collaborator, the late Gustav Ludwig. The tribute is the more remarkable as coming from an Italian to a German, and it gives to the book a distinct psychologic as well as æsthetic value. This part of the work might well be published by itself as something to stand alongside the notable tributes written by good men to great friendships—it certainly interprets the spirit of "In Memoriam." Herr Ludwig must have been typically and ideally German in his patient research and in his worthily constructive criticism. The exhaustive monograph on Carpaccio—the most important-looking of the season's books on art—is largely his work. The revival of interest in Carpaccio is of comparatively recent date. It has grown rapidly and deservedly, as many of those will admit who would hardly find themselves in agreement with all of the encomiums in this book concerning Carpaccio's pictures. As to his masterpieces, especially that great picture in the Academy where the exquisitely lovely angel players are sitting on the steps of the Virgin's throne, practically all will agree in eulogy. And this includes the man-in-the-street, who has but to see the angel players to be forever enchained by them. But Carpaccio's great service was not so much in his delineation of saints and angels, forcefully as he defined in them the typical charm and virility of his race, as in his expression of the outward manifestation of the Venetian spirit in his every picture with a clearness and breadth which we are only just now learning fully to realize. One reason why we have not appreciated this more is that, while Carpaccio is in some respects a finished artist, in others he is crude, as is abundantly shown by the nearly three hundred illustrations in Professor Molmenti's octavo. Some of the pictures are adequately reproduced, but most of them leave something to be desired. However, they are all-sufficient to indicate Carpaccio's naturalism, emotional restraint, and self-possessed power of narrative—forming a fiber which was the logical forerunner of Titian's ample compositions and Paul Veronese's decorative effects. For Carpaccio's force and harmony come from a union of truth and idealism quite justifying Théophile Gautier's exuberant criticism of the artist. While Herr Ludwig and Professor Molmenti have not, apparently, been able to discover much about Carpaccio's personal history, they have, so they claim, settled the fact that he was born in Venice, that Bastiani was not his pupil but actually his master, and, in particular, that Carpaccio was no imitator of Gentile Bellini, with whom he had no other link save that, like Gentile, he also portrays decorative scenes with large and varied crowds of people. Certainly in Carpaccio's pictures we have, as is proved anew by this book, the most faithful mirror of the Venetian life of the fifteenth century.

From the famous "Hermes and Dionysos" in sculpture to the painted cherubs of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the eighteenth century, and of the late George Frederick Watts in our own, we have in this little volume[1] a pleasant and profitable survey. Aside from the delineation of child life, as interpreted by the artists of all ages, we obtain some interesting side-lights on the lives of such men as Perugino, Ghirlandajo, Bellini, Michelangelo, Titian, Rembrandt, Dürer, Gainsborough, Lawrence, etc. The text's value is doubled by about fifty illustrations.

Where Mr. Caffin's history[2] concerns itself less with individuals than principles it is admirable. While his estimate of the American painters of the past is, in general, just and forceful, when he discusses the qualities of his contemporaries his estimates seem sometimes too eulogistic. Nevertheless, the book is specially strong in dealing with contemporary American painting, and upon that latest phase of which Mr. Luks and Mr. Sloan are the apostles. They have indeed shaken themselves free from the reproach of mere prettiness and sentimentality, which, with more or less justice, has been leveled at American painters. Some of our artists now discover beauty in what others might call ugliness, just as the Japanese do, or, to use Mr. Caffin's apt simile, just as the Salvation Army turns to the slum-man in its conviction that somewhere latent in him is still a possibility of goodness. In this effort our young men have excellent precedents in Velasquez and Rembrandt. The notion, of course, involves character, both expression of character and character of expression. Thus, as the latest development of American art we

[1] The Life and Works of Vittorio Carpaccio. By Pompeo Molmenti and the late Gustav Ludwig. Translated by Robert Hobart Cust. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $15, net.

[1] The Child in Art. By Margaret Boyd Carpenter. (Second Edition.) Ginn & Co., Boston. $2.

[2] The Story of American Painting. By Charles H. Caffin. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.50.

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have a modern impressionism which would depict the humanity of life as well as its pictorial suggestions. Mr. Caffin does well, however, to warn the leaders of this movement that their art embodies its own inherent shortcoming whenever it reveals any tendency to be over-occupied with the mere appearances of life, and to make little or no appeal to the imagination or spirit. If, as contrasted with other estimates and histories of American painting, Mr. Caffin's is thus distinguished by its careful description of our most modern tendency, it emphasizes as well what seems to us the most important characteristic of American art, one certainly shown in Whistler's best work, namely, the habit of evolving from material appearances their essence, the intangible element in them—in fact, the spiritually inherent in matter. It is a satisfaction to feel that such figure-painters as Mr. Dewing and Mr. Abbott Thayer, and such landscape-painters as Messrs. Tryon, Winslow Homer, and Ben Foster, stand for this tendency. Yet, broadly speaking, Mr. Caffin is inclined to believe that present-day American painting is materialistic rather than spiritual. Because of proportionately striking developments in that direction, popular attention will of course be specially attracted to what Mr. Caffin has to say concerning mural painting. His survey is admirable, save that he omits to mention the work of Mr. Henry Oliver Walker, than whom, in mural decoration, America possesses no more poetic painter.

Now that the cathedrals of southern France have been well photographed by Miss Francis, even if they have not been quite correspondingly well described in Miss Rose's accompanying text, the cathedrals of the French Midland [1] take their turn. The provinces included in the work, Burgundy, Savoy, the Dauphiné, Auvergne, and Aquitaine, have really little in common, either in art or politics. But there are here and there in them some of the most striking works of the Romanesque and Gothic styles. And these are worthily celebrated in the present volumes. In our opinion, however, the work's chief merit does not lie in any prominence given to well-known buildings, but to those less well known. Another merit is that both text and pictures often approach their subjects from an unconventional point of view.

"The Wandering Scholar"

Such was Thomas Davidson, a man of Socratic spirit, though not a practitioner of the Socratic art of intellectual midwifery; a man of ample learning and master of many tongues, who made a deep impression on all with whom he had to do as intellectually alive throughout; a fervid spirit, generous in helpfulness, seeking to inspire and guide the men of his time in the pursuit of high ethical and intellectual ideals. This volume [1] of memorials exhibits him as his friends thought of him, and as his letters and essays reveal him to the world. His great aim was intellectual honesty and rational education as the means to social regeneration. The pioneer of ethical socialism in England, and the founder of what ultimately became the Fabian Society, he was not well fitted for team-work with others, but worked best as an independent. In this volume the estimates of him by Felix Adler and William James, his Rules and Creed for the "New Fellowship," and his essays on "The Moral Aspects of the Economic Question" and "Intellectual Piety," are especially deserving of attention.

Sin and Society

Some at least of the essays included in this volume [2] have already appeared in print. Many who have read them will be glad to have them in this permanent form. Professor Ross is master of the literary style which the importance of his subject demands for due effect on thought and conscience. The lesson he teaches is best characterized in his own language: "Rationalize public opinion; modernize it, and bring it abreast of latter-day sin; make the blame of the many into a flaming sword guarding the sacred interests of society." The half-dozen essays conveying this lesson are successively introduced by these suggestive titles: "New Varieties of Sin," "The Grading of Sinners," "The Criminaloid," "The Grilling of Sinners," "Sinning by Syndicate," "The Rules of the Game." These clarify moral insight and judgment concerning "the new unrighteousness." They stimulate conscience, they show what we must do to be saved from deadly dangers to the commonwealth. A warmly commendatory letter from President Roosevelt introduces the volume to a wide welcome.

A Prophet in Babylon

The experience of the Rev. John Gaunt, minister of the "Mayfield Avenue" church in New York, is the subject of this story. [3] It is a novel with a purpose. Mayfield Avenue represents many a church which has ceased to be the sort of association that Jesus gathered for a propaganda of his ideals of human sympathy and service.

[1] Cathedrals and Cloisters of Midland France. By Elise Whitlock Rose. In 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5.

[1] Memorials of Thomas Davidson. Collected and Edited by William A. Knight. Ginn & Co., Boston. $1.25.

[2] Sin and Society. By Edward Alsworth Ross. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1, net.

[3] A Prophet in Babylon. By W. J. Dawson. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50.

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After a deep personal experience, in which these ideals had mastered the soul of its pastor, and after a fruitless struggle to communicate his new enthusiasm for them to his congregation, he resigned his pastorate, and organized in Madison Square Garden a "League of Service"—a brotherhood doing rescue work in city slums and dives, and the work of itinerant preachers in rural towns. Those who know something of Dr. Dawson's life in London will recognize an autobiographical element in the story. Dramatic situations, striking personalities, pathetic and tragic incidents, domestic love and sacrifice, are interwoven with literary skill, and the whole is suffused with religious passion and enthusiasm for humanity. The book is a noteworthy addition to the rapidly increasing library of "Applied Christianity." Undeniably stimulating, it is, of course, necessarily one-sided, just as the Biblical prophets were, in that it takes note only of the evil which demands correction, and does not take off the edge of rebuke by turning attention to a list of merits. That many a church is not what Jesus instituted as a religious *fraternity*, and as a *propaganda* of religious fraternity, is undeniable. This is the gist of Dr. Dawson's rebuke, of which, no doubt, many churches stand clear in varying measure. That it is practicable in many other churches, though it was not in Mayfield Avenue, to reform the membership into a "League of Service," with a place of duty for every individual, he certainly would admit. To reinstate this forgotten ideal of the church, wherever the club spirit has displaced it, is the purpose of the story—a laudable purpose facing an imperative need.

Truth and Nature

Mrs. Wright has the rather rare ability required to combine fun and instruction for children. In this attractive book of stories set within a story, the "Gray Lady and the Birds,"[1] there are a dozen colored plates and many half-tone pictures of all the ordinary birds we see and too often are not intimately acquainted with. A little country school is blessed with a good teacher, who recognizes in the offer of the Gray Lady a great opportunity. The Lady comes on Friday to tell the children stories about the birds, and gradually wins over the most persistent boy collector of eggs and the most stylish girl who wears "regrets" in her hat. The children talk freely and ask many questions, kindly answered by the Gray Lady. She invites them to her own home, and there they learn much of the uses of gentleness and sympathy. The school year ended on Flag Day, when the children prepared a beautiful surprise for their friend, the Gray Lady. Nothing better in the way of bird-lore for children has appeared than this pleasant, human, true book.

[1] Gray Lady and the Birds. By Mabel Osgood Wright. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

The New England Border in the Old Days

An extremely attractive volume, and one sure to be widely welcomed, is this companion to Miss Abbott's well-known book, "Old Tales and Legends of New England." In the present work[1] the author deals with Connecticut (which we rejoice to learn was originally "Connittecock"), Deerfield, and the Berkshires, with unrivaled care and thoroughness. She has collected stories, curiosities of colonial days, and a wealth of odd and often instructive facts relating to ancient geography, family descent, and customs and manners throughout what was once the border of New England, but is now an integral part of that section. Equal intelligence and taste have been shown in selecting photographs and drawings to give the book beauty and charm. To any one in the least interested in the old days of our Yankee ancestors this volume would prove an extremely satisfying gift, and it has far more claim to respect as regards its permanent value than most of the books presented for holiday purposes this year.

Dean Hole's Letters

Witty Dean Hole as he was in life is again witty Dean Hole in the collection of letters recently issued[2] under the editorial supervision of Mr. George Dewar. It is a genial wit, too, leaving no sting, and proving the man to have been what he seemed to those who knew him—affable, kindly, sincere, a lover of men and a lover of nature in all its aspects. To the end of his long and useful career in the ministry of the Church of England, Dean Hole retained his freshness of spirit, his interest in affairs, and his brightness of thought and expression. "During the years that are gone," he told an appreciative audience in a speech delivered on his eighty-fourth birthday, "I have seen many changes—some I regret, some I admire. Of those I regret are pigeon-shooting, barbed wire, Little Englanders, motor-cars, and ping-pong. Of those I admire, electric light, Joe Chamberlain, and the eleven cricketers now in Australia." Another characteristic of Dean Hole was his unfailing sympathy with the distressed and with those in lowly walks

[1] Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border: Connecticut, Deerfield, Berkshire. By Katharine M. Abbott. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50, net.

[2] The Letters of Samuel Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester. Edited, with a Memoir, by George A. Dewar. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3, net.

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of life. As Mr. Dewar says, he was at his best when ministering to workingmen. And to workingmen of all sorts are addressed many of the letters; addressed, too, not as pastor to parishioner, but as friend to friend, and in some cases covering a long period of years. These, together with the intimate, witty, familiar letters, give the collection its great charm. There is hardly a letter to men and women whom the world counts notable, hardly one throwing side-lights on the political and ecclesiastical history of the England of the Dean's day. But the absence of these is scarcely noticed, and is adequately accounted for by the compiler's purpose—admirably realized—of including only such letters as would illumine vividly the rare and fascinating personality of Dean Hole.

A Famous French Detective

The fascination of reading about the mysteries of crime and the miracles of detective genius is emphasized when the story is a true one. Monsieur Claude was Chief of Police of Paris during the reign of Napoleon III. He left voluminous memoirs. Miss Wormeley, well known as the translator of Balzac, has selected from these memoirs for this volume [1] those chapters and parts of chapters which seem likely to have at this day a real interest for English readers. She has rejected an immense amount of what must be very dull reading indeed relating to police regulations, prisons, and ephemeral subjects. But the episodes here described have to do with M. Claude's connection with political intrigues, and with mysteries and remarkable crimes. The book is certainly good reading, and makes one wish for more, if more material as good as this may be drawn from the French original. The publishers have given the book all the advantage of good ink and good paper and of a handsome binding.

Another Book on Italy

"Italy, the Magic Land" [2] is the sentimental title of Miss Whiting's latest book. Her aim has been a survey of certain parts of Italy, as related to certain periods of history and certain interesting individuals. In especial, she surveys modern Rome from the time of Canova and Thorwaldsen to that of Elihu Vedder, Franklin Simmons, and Charles Walter Stetson. Miss Whiting informs us illuminatively about many interesting people, but her discursive impressions seem sometimes hastily written, gathered together without minute regard to possible repetitions. Again, certain phrases might merit the criticism "gushing." Notwithstanding such an occasional limitation, the book contains much genuine Italian atmosphere. While some of this lies in the author's intelligent gleanings and ample quotations from descriptions by master hands, her own sentiments are worth reading, especially when she records direct personal impressions. The lover of Italy, and especially the lover of modern Italian life and society as pictured by the Brownings, Hawthorne, Story, Howells, and others, will gain in these pages many an interesting bit of information.

The Rebirth of Religion

We fear that Dr. Crapsey's new book [3] will be more welcome to his critics than to his friends. It appears to us to be characized in many places by inconsistency, inaccuracy, and superficiality. As an illustration of inconsistency, take for example these two sentences: "The new dogmatic will instruct in all that concerns the ethical life, and will seek to bring the soul in contact with that which is good, so that the evil shall not be in the mind at all. The new dogmatic will not expect ever to deliver the soul from temptation, because that would be to take away from the soul all activity." How is it possible that a soul shall be subjected to temptation from an evil which is not in the man's mind at all? As an illustration of inaccuracy, take these two instances: "And we cannot dissipate the obscurities of thought which hide and breed under this obscurity of language unless we try to define clearly the word 'grace.' Now this word means simply gracious, kindly." Grace does not mean kindly. A noun is not synonymous with an adverb. As used by Paul, neither does it mean kindliness. It means free gift. "By grace are ye saved through faith" means that by God's free gift bestowed upon us, and by us thankfully received, we are saved. Kindliness is the motive which leads to the giving of the gift, but it is the gift bestowed and accepted which is the cause of salvation. This is also the teaching of Jesus Christ: "Come unto me . . . and I will *give* you rest." "Your heavenly Father will *give* the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." The doctrine of Paul is that righteousness or character is imparted by one person to another, as by a mother to her child, or by a teacher to his pupil, and so by Christ to his disciples, and this imparting and receiving is the secret of all spiritual development. As an illustration of the author's superficiality of thought, take this sentence: "The drunkard is disappearing from modern life, because modern life is itself so interesting that it needs no artificial

[1] Memoirs of Monsieur Claude. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $4, net.

[2] Italy, the Magic Land. By Lilian Whiting. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50, net.

[3] The Re-Birth of Religion. By Algernon Sidney Crapsey. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.50.

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stimulant;" or this sentence: "If by forgiveness is meant that the consequences of sin can be undone by a word or a look, then the new dogmatic asserts that this is not within the power of either gods or men." But this is not what the New Testament ever means by forgiveness. What it means is the sending away of, not the penalty, which is nowhere promised by Christ or by Paul, but the sending away of the sin itself, the cleansing of the soul, its purification. This also is the evangelical faith, as expressed in the well-known couplet:

"Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

The spirit of Dr. Crapsey's book is admirable. We find in it no sign of that ugliness of temper which, unfortunately, mars very much of controversial literature. Indeed, the book can scarcely be called controversial. If it were a volume of sermons, we should not think the defects we have pointed out very serious. We do not demand of the preacher that he should always be consistent, or always accurate, or always profound. But when a philosopher undertakes to condemn a current system of philosophy and substitute a new system in its place—and this is the object of Dr. Crapsey—he fails fatally if his system, as he presents it, is seriously defective in these respects. There is much that is admirable in this volume, especially in the author's presentation of the doctrine of social salvation, but as an interpretation of the new dogmatic it is inferior to other volumes by other authors of the broad school who have preceded him.

The True Patrick Henry

Mr. George Morgan's "The True Patrick Henry," [1] unlike some of its predecessors in the biographical series in which it finds a place, is a really excellent piece of work. Its author is better known as a novelist than as a historian, but in this book he gives ample evidence of fitness to fill either rôle. Being a novelist, he not unnaturally elects to tell the story of Patrick Henry's career in the form of a dramatic, picturesque narrative—for which he has ample material and ample justification. But at the same time he has obviously made a diligent effort to sift the historical facts with which he deals, and to base his picture of Henry and his times on the solid foundation of actuality. Occasionally his sympathy for Henry leads him to adhere too closely to Henry's point of view in scrutinizing men and measures, and to criticise with undue severity those who differed in policy, if not in principle, from the bell-ringer of the Revolution. But, as a general rule, he handles tactfully and satisfactorily the vexed questions with which his subject bristles. His study of Henry's earlier career, of the years of his "shiftlessness," before he leaped into fame at the trial of the Parsons' cause, brings to light many facts not commonly known but assisting greatly in the proper understanding of the secret of Henry's success as an awakener of the spirit of independence. And Mr. Morgan also makes it uncommonly clear why Henry adopted the attitude of an obstructionist when the important question arose of rounding out the work of the Revolution by the acceptance of a national constitution. Altogether this is a biography which, if somewhat colored by the zeal of hero-worship, is profitable as well as pleasurable reading.

[1] The True Patrick Henry. By George Morgan. The J. B. Lippincott Company. Philadelphia. $2, net.

Browning's Italy

Browning's "Italy" [1] is well described by its sub-title, "A Study of Italian Life and Art in Browning," as collecting the poems which deal with Italian subjects, and pointing out in a pleasant way the original sources of the poet's work. In the opening essay a good deal of interesting information is furnished about the real Sordello, with ample quotations from the poem. In a chapter on "The Italian School," which finds its text in "The Grammarian's Funeral" and "Pietro Abano," Miss Clarke writes about the characteristics of Southern scholars and culture. Large space is given to the sources of "The Ring and the Book;" and the volume is illustrated with half-tones from photographs. Mr. Maxfield Parrish furnishes a romantic picture for the cover, which is printed in colors.

The Christian Religion

One of the characteristics of our time is the comparatively recent and increasing tendency to distinguish between religion and the philosophy of religion, commonly termed theology. The need of this distinction is now felt as it has not been felt since the first century. The distinction is recognized in this volume [2] by a distinguished member of the Wesleyan body in Great Britain, but, though recognized, it is practically lost in the emphasis put upon Christian theology. After a general account of "Christian Evidences," in which the defects of theologians from Butler to Ritschl come up for criticism, "The content of the Christian religion" follows. Here the physical resurrection of Christ is held essential to "the Christian view of the world," and the "doctrine of the Godhead as a triune fellowship of light and love"

[1] Browning's Italy. By Helen Archibald Clarke. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $2, net.
[2] The Christian Religion: Its Meaning and Proof. By J. Scott Lidgett, M.A. Eaton & Mains, New York. $2.50, net.

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completes "the essential content of Christianity"—statements which present Christianity as religion plus a philosophy. Following this, an admirable chapter in the middle of the volume restores, to some to whom the foregoing statements would seem to deny it, their place in the Christian brotherhood. Christianity is here described as experiential, as above all a specific consciousness of a filial relation to God. In this, and in the means by which it is realized, is found "the primary verification of Christianity." Here the religion stands apart from the theology with which it has been fused. The need of readjusting theological conceptions to the modern view of the world is amply confessed, and is undertaken with a large discursiveness, in which it is not always easy to see what ground is being gained. That the author's chief interest is theological is confessed in the chapter on "The Doctrine of God," with which the volume concludes, inverting the order suggested by an introductory mention of it as "the primary content of Christianity." The volume clearly evinces its author's cultured and vigorous mind. But while it may seem that its arrangement of topics might be recast with advantage, our time requires a more radical betterment of it—a clear and consistent distinction between the constant and the variable elements with which it is concerned, the religion and its associated theology.

Robert E. Lee

Mr. Philip A. Bruce's reputation as a scholarly, thoughtful, and conscientious writer will not suffer from his biography[1] of Robert E. Lee. His point of view is distinctly Southern, and his portrait of Lee is inevitably colored by a Virginian's pride in one of the greatest of Virginians. But who among Northern writers could write to-day of Lee in other than terms of the warmest admiration? And Northern readers should feel grateful to Mr. Bruce for a book that, in the space of a few chapters, tells them much about Lee which many of them do not know but which all of them ought to know. This is particularly true of the chapters describing Lee's career before the Civil War—his ancestry, his early training, the environmental influences which helped to develop his true manhood and fit him to be a leader of men; his adoption of the soldier's life, and the winning of his spurs in the Mexican War. The greater portion of the book, of course, is given over to an account of Lee's Civil War campaigning and experiences, and here Mr. Bruce is not so successful, in part, perhaps, because he is primarily a social and economic rather than a military historian; but still more because his admiration for Lee unconsciously biases him against certain of Lee's associates and subordinates. His comments on Longstreet, for instance, are unnecessarily harsh; and not all critics, Southern or Northern, will agree with Mr. Bruce in censuring Davis for the prolonged defense of Richmond. When, however, Mr. Bruce passes on to describe Lee's life after the war and his labors in behalf of his fellow-Southerners, room for criticism rapidly narrows again.

[1] Robert E. Lee. By Philip Alexander Bruce, LL.D. (American Crisis Biographies.) The George W. Jacobs Company, Philadelphia. $1 25, net.

The American Nation

With Professor Edwin Earle Sparks's contribution[1] to the "American Nation" serial history of the United States, the reader is sharply reminded of the sudden and amazing national development which followed the painful Reconstruction period. The discussion now is of new issues and new problems arising from industrial and commercial expansion, railway extension, the filling up of the West, immigration from Europe, and the relations between labor and capital. All of these factors, together with others which were in time to compel the Nation to consider a new theory of the relation of government to private and corporate enterprise, receive careful attention from Professor Sparks. Among the purely political occurrences of his period (1877–1885) he properly lays greatest stress on the silver agitation, the beginnings of Civil Service Reform, the handling of the Chinese and Indian questions, and the tariff contests. With the Hayes administration he evidently is in lively sympathy, warmly indorsing Hayes's Southern policy, and giving President Hayes personally no small credit for the prosperity the country enjoyed during his term. For Arthur there are more guarded words of praise: "He surrounded himself with excellent counselors, broke with his former associates, and exhibited in many instances evidences of a high degree of statesmanship. His foreign policy, if not as aggressive as Blaine would have made it, was at least dignified and safe. If he did not administer the Civil Service Act of 1883 in the militant spirit of the reformer, he accepted it in good faith, made excellent appointments to its Commission, and withstood all pressure to misconstrue its provisions." Necessarily, it is too early yet to write of the period with any finality, but Professor Sparks's volume certainly affords a comprehensive view of its happenings and its tendencies.

[1] The American Nation. Vol. 23, National Development. By Edwin Earle Sparks Ph.D. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2, net.

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Letters to The Outlook

STORIES FROM THE NORTHWEST

The recent review in The Outlook of the life and work of Mr. James J. Hill reminded me of some interesting experiences. When the main line of the Great Northern was building to the Pacific, Mr. Hill spent a great part of his time personally inspecting construction and going over the proposed line across the plains and mountains. He had the reputation among the engineers and employees of being everywhere and knowing everything.

It was my good fortune to make several trips with Mr. Hill along the line and beyond. On one occasion, the special train stopped on a siding in Dakota to let a freight pass. Mr. Hill walked forward until he saw the number on the freight engine and said: "No. 94; let me see—I believe it is Roberts. Hello, Roberts, how is 94 running now? You had her in the shop last month, I remember. What was the matter? It was the cylinders, wasn't it? Is she working all right now?" He shook hands heartily with the engineer. The man said to me, "Did you ever see the like? I was four years on the Rock Island, and I didn't even know the name of the President—certainly never saw him—and here is Mr. Hill, who not only remembers my name and that I am running 94, but has kept track of her and recollected that she was in the repair shop and why. I tell you that is the kind of a man to work for."

Mr. Hill and I had driven eighty miles across the plains into the Sweet Grass region and back again, and reached the Montana Division of the Great Northern at two o'clock one morning. As we drove up, a freight train came rushing down the grade with two boxes blazing. It stopped, and the crew had begun carrying water when Mr. Hill drew up. The following conversation took place: "What is the number of this train?" "No. 40," answered a brakeman. "Let me see, Norris is the conductor, is he not? Is he there?" A man stood up and said, "Yes, I am Norris; who the devil are you?" Mr. Hill said, "How fast were you coming down that grade?" "Probably twenty-five miles an hour; but what business is that of yours?" "Doesn't this road have some rules governing the speed of freight trains?" "I do not know what business it is of yours, but we are *supposed* to run twelve miles ordinarily, and twenty-four miles in emergencies, or if we carry live stock." "Have you any live stock on board?" "No." Then said Mr. Hill, "Norris, my name is Hill; I am the President of this road. You have shown that you know the rules, and knowingly violated them. You were running at least thirty-five miles an hour down that grade; that accounts for your hot boxes. Take that train into Chinook, turn your papers over to the Division Superintendent, and consider yourself discharged."

It was ludicrous to see the expression on the face of this conductor as he walked toward the buggy and held up his lantern to examine its occupants. The President of the road had caught him derelict in duty, at two A.M., on the plains of Montana, and had discharged him! I asked Mr. Hill some time afterwards what had become of the man. He replied, "Oh, he is a good fellow; we laid him off for a while to teach him a lesson, and then reinstated him."

Although not apropos, I am tempted to narrate two other experiences which came to me on the same trip. I left the line of the Great Northern to report on the mineral resources of the Kootenay Lake District. There came to our camp one night a guide, or trapper, who accepted our invitation to supper before resuming his canoe trip. He said he had just come down from the Selkirks, where he had acted as guide for a man named Theodore Roosevelt, who wanted to shoot a cinnamon grizzly. He said, "That man Roosevelt is the bravest man I ever saw. He is awful near-sighted, and has his pockets full of different kinds of eye-glasses and spectacles; he has one set for reading, one for ordinary outdoor work, and one for shooting. We were going up a narrow trail—I was ahead—when I saw a big grizzly trotting down, not over a hundred yards away. I jumped back and told Mr. Roosevelt. Most any other man would first have thought of his gun, but Roosevelt stopped, felt around until he found the glasses that he wanted, took off the pair he had on, wiped the other pair and adjusted them on his nose, and then, with the grizzly coming along at a good clip, and only a few yards away on this narrow trail, he took time to get a good aim, and shot him dead. A man that takes time to change his eye-glasses when a grizzly is charging him is mighty brave."

ALBERT R. LEDOUX.

New York City.

THE PEOPLE VS. THE REPRESENTATIVE

In Mr. Merwin K. Hart's article, "The People vs. the Representative," in The Outlook for November 30, the author severely

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criticises Mr. Bryan's view that the function of the legislator is to give legislative expression to the thoughts and will of the people rather than to think for the people. A forced antagonism—an antagonism which in reality does not exist at all—is elaborated between Mr. Bryan's very moderate and thoroughly practical utterance and the statement of Governor Hughes, the substance of which is that "we have a Republic only in name, if those chosen to represent the people serve other interests." Mr. Bryan and Governor Hughes were discussing entirely different questions. The latter was denouncing the legislator who used his public office to further private business interests; the former was discussing the important question of whether a legislator has *carte blanche* in regard to his public acts, or has received from the people an *impératif mandat* which it is his duty to obey.

Whether one may agree with Mr. Bryan that the function of the representative *ought* to be to discover the will of the people and then to obey their commands, or with Mr. Hart that he *ought* to act according to his own notions of what will constitute the greatest good to the greatest number of people, there can be no question that the trend of political evolution is away from the latter and toward the former. Before the days when public opinion was highly developed it was quite right to accord to the representative a very different office than to-day, when newspapers, rapid means of transportation, numerous public meetings, and a high degree of general education among the people have made it possible for them to assume a much larger share in government. Mr. Hart should have served his country in the time of Burke, who declared to his own constituents, "Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays instead of serving you if he sacrifices it to your opinion." He would be indeed a bold member of Parliament who to-day would thus challenge his constituents.

The noticeable decline in the power of legislative bodies everywhere and the growing strength of the executive organs of government is explained only by the fact that the latter are much more capable than the former of "keeping their ears to the ground." It is not alone Mr. Roosevelt's strong personality, but the fact that he listens for and obeys the popular mandate, that makes him so powerful. The Cabinet in England at the present time, so far from being responsible at every turn to the House of Commons, as was the case when Bagehot wrote his brilliant treatise on "The English Constitution," depends directly upon the electorate, and, being much readier to note the sentiments, opinions, and desires of the English public than Parliament, has received a great increase of power at the expense of the representative body, which is nowadays manipulated and controlled by the Cabinet to such an extent that its members have been dubbed "voting cattle" by the newspapers. Mr. Sidney Low in his "Governance of England" has demonstrated most conclusively that the center of gravity in the English Government has been transferred from Parliament to Cabinet, because the latter is so much better an organ of public opinion. The resignation of the last Conservative Ministry, while still retaining the confidence of Parliament but after it had become evident that it was in a minority out of doors—the first instance of the kind in English history—is very significant, as indicating that it is no longer an omnipotent House of Commons, but an active and intelligent electorate, that possesses the real governing power in the British state. It is a most remarkable incident in the evolution of government by public opinion.

Government by public opinion is no mere phantasy of political theorists, but a very imminent and inevitable actuality. The growing demand for such institutions as the initiative and referendum, proportional representation, woman suffrage, compulsory voting, election of Senators by popular vote, the recall, direct primaries, etc.—however we may view the question of their expediency or practicability—indicates the growing capacity of the people for a larger direct participation in government, and their determination to substitute for government by comparatively irresponsible legislative bodies government by public opinion.

Mr. Bryce, who certainly is no mere political theorist, in his chapter on "How Public Opinion Rules in America," has elucidated the fundamental principles upon which such a government must rest, and has shown that it is already in the United States to a considerable extent actually in operation. "Government by Public Opinion," he says, "is most specifically applicable to a system wherein the will of the people acts directly and constantly upon its executive and legislative agents. A government may be both free and good without being subject to this continuous and immediate control. Still, this is the goal toward which the extension of the suffrage, the more rapid diffusion of news, and the practice of self-government itself, necessarily lead free nations; and it may even be said that one of their chief problems is to devise means whereby the national will shall be most fully expressed, most quickly known, most unresistingly and

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cheerfully obeyed." Secretary Root (*vid.* Outlook for October 20, 1906, p. 409) says, "Yet no student of our times can fail to see that not America alone, but the whole civilized world, is swinging away from its old governmental moorings, and intrusting the fate of its civilization to the capacity of the popular mass to govern. By this pathway mankind is to travel, whithersoever it leads. Upon the success of this our undertaking the hope of humanity depends." In an editorial of The Outlook (December 8, 1906, p. 860) the following passage occurs: "Those who, with us, believe that the United States is passing from a purely representative republic into a more democratic form of government, will be glad that the President recognizes this transition. In a single sentence in his present Message he defines the respective functions of the people and the Congress. Speaking on the question of taxation, he says; 'Such a subject as this needs long and careful study, that the people may become familiar with what is proposed to be done, more clearly see the necessity of proceeding with wisdom and self-restraint, and may make up their minds just how far they are willing to go in the matter; while only trained legislators can work out the project in necessary detail.' This is a fine definition of the respective functions of the people and their representative bodies, in a democracy." Evidently the President and The Outlook both agree with Mr. Bryan. As a matter of fact, it is certainly coming to be true, as a French writer expresses it, that "*Le législateur n'invente pas des lois—il les écrit.*" "The legislator does not invent (or produce) the laws—he writes them."

WALTER J. SHEPARD.
Department of Political Science, University of Wisconsin.
Madison, Wisconsin.

THE NAVY AS A POLICE FORCE

I ask the patience of your readers for only a very few sentences. In your editorial note touching the gigantic new naval policy of our present Administration you seek to draw an analogy between the naval force and the ordinary police. May I emphasize the noteworthy difference both of function and character? The police is instituted to support the courts. The navy is a survival of the very barbarism which courts are instituted to prevent. It is not essential that the police shall go armed. If they carry pistols, they do not display them. The less show of firearms the better for every one. Among their duties are the direction of strangers to find the way, and the assistance of women and children across crowded thoroughfares. A navy, on the contrary, is built and maintained to kill and to destroy. "Commerce destroyers" is the name of one class of our ships.

At the worst, the business of the police is to protect society against the small fraction of the brutal and degenerate, against the freaks of ignorance and boyishness. The business of a navy ostensibly is to be ready to fight other civilized and friendly nations just like ourselves—Germany, England, France, Italy, Japan. This is not police work. It is rather as if all the neighbors on a street procured armed watchmen against one another. One can guess how soon their retainers would be fighting.

I do not know of any one who objects to such policing of the seas as may be thought necessary to protect commerce from piracy. Would a single gunboat be required for such police purposes on the Atlantic Ocean? A dozen revenue cutters would make even the Malay Seas as safe as they are now.

The police see to it that there shall be no fighting on the common streets; that arrogant men shall not even go armed to provoke conflict. Imagine the Great Powers likewise to neutralize the oceans of the world, as we neutralize the Great Lakes, with the distinct purpose of making them what they ought to be—the common highway of civilization. Show us wherein the rights or liberties of any people could be endangered by this proposal?

Why should the readers of The Outlook be content to see their country making a glittering but quite needless and sensational display of "fighting machines"? On the contrary, the magnificent chance is offered us to celebrate our Christmas by a new movement in favor of clearing the waterways of the world of the whole burdensome and destructive machinery of naval warfare. We have looked to The Outlook as a leader in the progress of enlightened civilization. Will it not even use this occasion to utter a word of the mildest protest against the new demand of our Administration in Washington for four additional battle-ships?

C. F. DOLE.
Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

WHAT WOULD THE CHURCHES SAY?

I was deeply interested in your recent editorial upon the topic "The Certainties." I, and an increasing multitude of men, agree with you heartily in your summing up of the certainties in which all men should be able to join. They are the basis of spiritual aspiration and helpful service. Briefly restating them, are they not essentially as follows:

1st. A consciousness of the transcendent

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beauty of the world; a recognition of the omnipresence of intelligent design; a firm conviction of the beneficence of the laws, physical and spiritual, which are being disclosed to us in the progress of the ages; and, finally and necessarily, from all of these a confidence in the existence and kindliness of that great all-ruling spirit which we term God, and in his provision for our immortality.

2d. A recognition that, whatever may have been Christ's origin or fate historically, his character, his ideals, his sympathy, and his sacrifices for the truth mark him as a divine agency designed for the regeneration of the world, just as the divine plan has all down the centuries made use of great *movements* to raise the spiritual and moral tone of the race; that Christ's life was not alone the tragedy so often pointed out, but was more properly a magnificent success, measured by all proper standards—a kind of success that needs to be burnt into the consciousness of this age.

This is my understanding of your editorial. Will you now permit me to ask you candidly where men of this way of thinking, who hold acceptance of the foregoing to be the only essentials of religious fellowship, can find a home in organized religion in this country? Of course we can attend the churches, but, to put it more succinctly, will our point of view permit us activity in any church organization, and if so, where?

It is no light thing for the churches to ignore the intellectual pride, if I may use that term, of the men of our day. It is idle to ask them to connect themselves actively with an organization which still makes as a test of membership the denial of evolution, belief in the Old Testament story of creation or in the miracles, the immaculate conception, or any other setting aside of the laws of nature which themselves were made by God. Spiritual hunger and spiritual ideals are as keen among business men to-day as ever they were, but where is any branch of organized religion in America which unites with them in declaring the essentials to be only the convictions and principles maintained in paragraphs 1 and 2 hereof?

I am quite aware that there is an increasing disposition in the churches to emphasize chiefly these essentials. But that is not the point. It is the test of membership and active co-operation which is the stumbling-block. Men do not ask that Christ's divinity be denied. On the contrary, they insist that he was divine, and achieved immortality because of what he *was*—his infinite sympathy, his love of truth, his courage and faith, his manifest consciousness of his destiny, and his willing sacrifices for his ideals. They are willing to act by the side of those who can still believe in miracles and the like. Differences as to the non-essentials are not material. All they ask is an open, frank admission *by the organization* that the essentials are only as stated above, and *that* is what they cannot procure. They recognize the spiritual authority of Christ, and believe that he made no mistake when he said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." They have come to know what inheritance means; and they find their promise of immortality where Whitman and Tennyson and Browning found it—in the golden thread of beneficence which they see running through the laws that govern life, physical and spiritual, here in this world. Though they cannot know their definite fate, they have no doubt of its sufficiency. I know many such men who agree with you as to the *certainties*, but cannot, in frank honesty with themselves, affiliate with organized religion, with its declared belief in traditions and historic claims no longer tenable in the light of scientific research. Is organized religious work to continue to exclude the class of men I have mentioned? Of course not ultimately, but why is it necessary *now?*

Des Moines, Iowa. J. B. WEAVER, JR.

[Nearly all Unitarian churches and some Evangelical churches would be open to you as a member, but probably not as an officer. —THE EDITORS.]

THAT "ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN"

In The Outlook for November 9 Mr. J. F. Keatinge says that he never, in Ireland, heard the expression "the Rocky Road to Dublin." May I, another Irishman, say that the expression is a common one, and refers, not to the present condition of any road, but to the condition of a road one hundred and fifty years ago. The road in question, now in splendid shape, leads from Wicklow to Dublin through a cleft in the mountains called the Scalp, and was covered with fragments from the rocks on either side. The Rock Road mentioned by Mr. Keatinge is the Black Rock Road, so called from the color of the rocks on the seashore.

The Irish roads are excellent, and an object-lesson to American visitors from any State. Another municipal object-lesson is to be found in the Phœnix Park, where, scattered over the eighteen hundred acres, the people of Dublin can enjoy outdoor sports. I notice in a recent paper that the Board of Works has this year received applications to the number of 548 for grounds for football and hockey.

ROBERT J. DEVENISH.

California, Ohio.

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The Outlook

January Magazine Number

¶ The leading feature of this number is its full and interesting treatment of the question of immigration, and this keynote is struck in the cover design made by Mr. F. C. Gordon.

¶ "The Gateway of the Nation" is the title of an article by Robert Watchorn, Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York. It contains many suggestive and pertinent anecdotes, much authoritative information which will be new to many readers, and it is illustrated with remarkable photographic studies of immigrant types by Julian A. Dimock and Underwood & Underwood.

¶ A second article carrying on the story of the immigrants' experience is "The Keepers of the Gate," by Mary B. Sayles, illustrated with photographs by Arthur Hewitt. A full-page portrait of Mr. Watchorn is included.

¶ A charming drawing of the Kneisel Quartet, drawn from life by Kate Rogers Nowell, is accompanied by a brief appreciation of the recognized service to the cause of music done by this quartet.

¶ "A Pilgrimage to Grieg" is an entertaining and readable account of a visit paid by Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler to the great musician only a few weeks before Grieg's death. There is a fine portrait.

¶ This number contains the second part of Mr. Charles S. Olcott's "Real Life in George Eliot's Novels." By nearly a score of photographs, taken especially for this purpose, and through a readable narrative with many references to familiar passages in the books, the author shows the close connection between George Eliot's life experiences and her literary work.

¶ A really notable series of photographs by Mr. Arthur Hewitt illustrates Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld's "The Streets of London," which will be read with pleasure and interest by all who know, or who may wish to know, the picturesque side of the great city.

¶ In this number begins a second series of selected short stories, each accompanied by an introduction written by Hamilton W. Mabie, and with a portrait of the author. The series of selected stories printed in 1907 has met with great acceptance by The Outlook's readers. The second series, which will be conducted on the same general plan, will contain only short stories selected from Continental European sources. The January Magazine number contains two short tales from Alphonse Daudet's charming book "Letters from My Mill."

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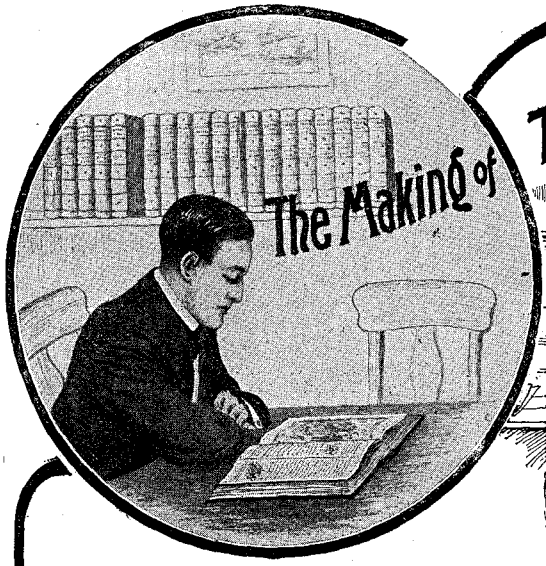

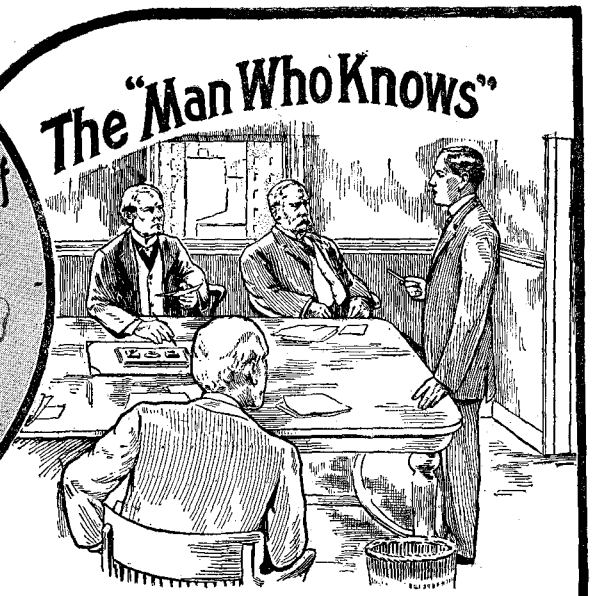

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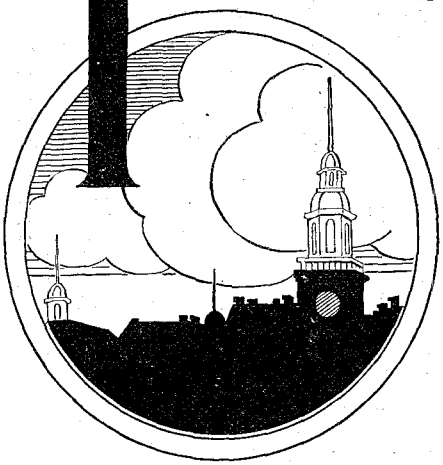

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